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UNA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT

AND OTHER STORIES FROM

SPENSER'S FAERY QUEENE

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UNA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT AND OTHER TALES FROM SPENSER'S FAERY QUEENE

BY

N. G. ROYDE-SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY

T. H. ROBINSON

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INTRODUCTION

EDMUND SPENSER, the greatest English poet between Chaucer and Shakespeare, was born in Smithfield, near the Tower of London, in 1552.

At that time London was very much smaller than it is now, and Smithfield was quite a pleasant place to live in, with fields and trees at no great distance, so that Spenser's childhood was not spent entirely in the streets of a town, as may be seen from the translation of a French poem which he made when he grew up, changing it a little here and there so that it described his own experience.

I wont to range amid the mazie thicket.
And gather nuttes to make my Christmas game,
And joyèd oft to chase the trembling pricket,[1]
Or hunt the hartlesse hare till she were tame,

[1] *pricket* = a buck.

What wreakèd I of wintry ages waste?
Tho' deemed I my spring would ever last.
How often have I scaled the craggy oak
All to dislodge the raven of her nest!
How have I wearied, with many a stroke,
The stately walnut tree, the while the rest,
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife!
For like to me was liberty and life.

While Spenser was still a boy at school, the Protestants in the Low Countries suffered great persecution from the Spaniards, who were Roman Catholics.

One of these persecuted Protestants, called Jan van der Noodt, came to London, and from him Spenser heard of the terrible sufferings of his fellow-countrymen, and understood still better why his parents rejoiced that the persecution of English Protestants was over now that Queen Elizabeth had come to the throne.

Spenser was educated first at the Merchant Taylor's School, and when he was about seventeen years old he went to Cambridge as a sizar of Pembroke Hall, because his parents were not rich enough to pay the full college fees. He stayed at Cambridge until he had taken the

degree of Master of Arts, but, though he was very studious he did not find great favour with the authorities of his college, and the happiest memories of his life at Cambridge were associated with Gabriel Hervey, a great scholar, somewhat older than himself, and a young man of his own age, Edward Kirke, both of whom became his fast friends, and took the keenest interest in his literary work.

During the years that Spenser was at Cambridge there was much disturbance in England because of the plots of several noblemen who were anxious to place Mary Queen of Scots on the throne of England. That unhappy lady was a Roman Catholic, and as several of the conspirators were discovered to have planned to kill Queen Elizabeth in order to make way for Queen Mary, the feeling against Roman Catholics grew stronger than ever in England, and Spenser, in common with many young Englishmen of his time, regarded the Church of Rome and the Queen of Scots as wicked powers leagued together against truth and freedom and Queen Elizabeth.

When he left Cambridge he went to live for some time in the north of England, where he

continued his studies and wrote poems, many of them to a young lady called in the poems Rosalind, whom he loved dearly though she would not marry him.

In 1579 he came to London and lived for some time in the Earl of Leicester's great house in the Strand, where he met Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh. These two young men were soon among the poet's greatest friends, and he went often to Penshurst in Kent, the beautiful home of Sir Philip Sidney. While he was in London he was taken to court and saw Queen Elizabeth, who took a great interest in him, and his first published poem, "The Shepherd's Calendar," which he dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, contains a beautiful description of her.

In 1580 Spenser was made Private Secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and went to live in that country where he remained for ten years, returning in 1590 with the first three books of "The Faery Queene."

This great poem was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, and its publication brought him great fame and fresh favour at court.

In 1594 he married a lady called Elizabeth Boyle—and as he says the name Elizabeth was

a very important one in his life, because it was the name of his mother, his wife, and his queen.

After his marriage he returned to Ireland where he lived at Kilcolman Castle. For some time he was very happy there with his wife and children, and he continued working at the last six books of "The Faery Queene," but it was never finished.

In October 1598 there was a rising of the Irish peasantry, and Kilcolman Castle was burnt down. Spenser's youngest child, a little newborn baby, was killed, and he with his wife and his sons, Sylvanus and Peregrine, escaped and came to London.

But Spenser had lost his money and many of his writings in the fire, and he died soon afterwards, leaving only two cantos of the Seventh Book of "The Faery Queene."

Another poet says of him:—

But ere he ended his melodious song,
An host of angels flew the clouds among.
And rapt this swan from his attentive mates
To make him one of their associates
In heaven's fair choir.

The Faery Queene, if Spenser had lived to

finish it, would have been the longest poem in the world. He only wrote a little more than half of the whole he had planned, and that half is so full of beautiful and interesting things that it is counted as one of the finest books in English literature.

There are many stories in it, and yet at the same time it is all part of one great and very wonderful story, and all these tales have a special meaning, so that they are interesting as tales which children can understand, and also because of that special meaning which grown-up people can see behind the tales.

Stories which have this other meaning behind them are called Allegories, and the Faery Queene is an Allegory.

Spenser owed a great deal to Queen Elizabeth, and it was the fashion of the times for every writer to do honour to her in his books, and the events of his life had taught him to regard Mary Queen of Scots and the Church of Rome as the Queen's enemies. So when he began to write his great work, he thought of Gloriana, the Faery Queen, as, in some ways, representing Queen Elizabeth, and her enemy, Duessa, he associated in his mind with Mary Queen of Scots.

In Prince Arthur, he meant to draw the character of an Ideal Man who, according to an old Greek philosopher, must have twelve virtues. Each of these twelve virtues was to be made the subject of a book, so that the whole of the Faery Queene was to be complete in twelve books, in the last of which Prince Arthur would marry Gloriana and they would have been left to rule their Kingdom well and happily ever after.

The first of these twelve books tells of the Red Cross Knight, who stands for the virtue of Holiness, and he is helped through all his adventures by Una who is Truth. They are both loyal subjects of Queen Gloriana, and their greatest enemies are the old magician Archimago, who stands sometimes for the Pope and sometimes for King Philip of Spain, and Duessa who represents Falsehood as well as Mary Queen of Scots.

Lucifera and Orgoglio are two different kinds of Pride, and all the other characters in the story represent either virtues or vices or else people who lived in those days.

The Second Book tells the Adventures of Sir Guyon or Temperance, and Acrasia is the spirit of Self-Indulgence against whom he has to fight.

The real book of the Faery Queene is written

in verses, some of which will be found in these stories. In them many quaint and old-fashioned words are used, but they are not difficult to understand, because Spenser was such a great poet, that, many parts of the poem he wrote more than three hundred years ago can be understood by children to-day if they will read slowly and carefully.

There are many other stories in the Faery Queene besides those of Una and the Red Cross Knight, and some day you may read them for yourselves in the wonderful verses of the real book.

How Gloriana Queen of Fairy-Land gave a Quest to the Red Cross Knight; and of a dragon in a wood

I

THE QUEEN'S FEAST

IN the Book of the Antiquities of Fairyland and the Rolls of Elfin Emperors, there is written the descent of the great and most excellent Queen Gloriana, sometime called the Princess Tanaquil, daughter of Oberon, second son of Elficleos, who ruled in Fairy-land as a rightful

heir of seven hundred princes. And these same princes followed each other in unbroken line since the days of Brutus who overthrew Gogmagog.

Now Gloriana was the fairest and wisest and most powerful queen that ever reigned, and she had the custom every year to keep a twelve days' feast.

On those twelve days any man or woman might present themselves before her and claim a boon, which during the feast she could not refuse. And it is written that one year "in the beginning of the feast, there presented himself a tall clownish young man, who falling before the Queen of the Fairies desired a boon; which was that he might have the achievement of any adventure, which during that feast should happen; that being granted, he rested himself on the floor, unfit through his rusticity for a better place.

"Soon after entered a fair Lady in mourning weeds, riding on a white Ass, with a dwarf behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the arms of a knight and his spear in the dwarf's hand. She, falling before the Queen of Fairies, complained that her Father and Mother, an ancient King and Queen, had been by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brazen castle, who thence suffered them not to issue: and therefore besought the Fairy

Queen to assign her some one of her knights to take on him that exploit. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure; whereat the Queen much wondering, and the lady much gainsaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire.

"In the end the Lady told him, that unless that armour which she brought would serve him that he could not succeed in that enterprise; which being forthwith put upon him with due furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and was well liked of the Lady.

"And eftsoons taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that strange Courser, he went forth with her on that adventure." His silver shield bore the dints of many a fierce blow given in battle and on his throat he wore a blood-red cross, so that men called him from that time The Red Cross Knight.

The name of that lady was Una, and she was both fair and gentle. She rode beside the knight on her snow-white ass, but her face she kept shrouded in a veil, and the black cloak she wore was a sign of her grief and hidden care. A little lamb, as white as milk, ran at her side, and lagging behind them came the dwarf, bearing on his back her bag of needments.

II

THE WOOD

One day, as they were crossing an open plain, the sky was suddenly overcast with clouds, and a storm of rain came on; so violent was its force that they were driven for shelter to a shady grove of trees that stood hard by.

But when they were within that wood it was both greater and thicker than it had first seemed, and there were there many well-worn footpaths and broad alleys leading far into the forest.

The thickness of the branches kept out the storm, and in spite of the cruel sky without, the birds in those trees went on singing as if they did indeed scorn tempests.

So they wandered on in great joy, listening to the birds and gazing at the trees which were wonderfully tall and well grown and of many kinds: for here were pine trees that are used for the masts of ships, cedar trees and elms, poplars, and the oak the king of the forest. Cypress and laurels grew there, the fir tree with its drops of gum, the weeping willow and the birch, the beech tree and the useful ash, the olive with her fruit, and

the round-leafed plane tree, together with many more.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Until the blustring storm is overblown:
When weening to returne, whence they did stray,
They cannot find that path, which first was shown,
But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween,[1]
That makes them doubt their wits be not their own:
So many paths, so many turnings seen,
That which of them to take in divers doubt they been.

At last they took counsel together that they would follow the most beaten track to its end, which must needs be, or in the midst or at the further side of the forest. Then they did thread its windings and were brought at last to a hollow cave in the thickest part of the wood.

Forthwith the knight dismounted from his horse, and gave his spear to the dwarf for a while, till he should have need of it.

[1] *Ween* = to think or hope.

"Be well aware," quoth then that Lady mild,
"Lest sudden mischief ye too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknown and wild,
Breeds dreadful doubts: oft fire is without smoke,
And peril without show: therefore your stroke,
Sir knight withhold, till further trial make."
"Ah, lady," said he, "shame were to revoke[1]
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Virtue gives herself light, through darkness for to wade."

But the lady, now, when it was too late, bethought her that she knew to what place they had come, which was none other than the den of a most vile monster, hated of God and man: wherefore she besought the knight to stay his steps, while there was yet time. And the dwarf, hearing her words, cried:

"Fly, fly, this is no place for living men."
But full of fire and greedy[2] hardiment,[3]
The youthful knight could not for ought be stayed,

[1] *Revoke* = turn or recall or withdraw.
[2] *Greedy* = eager.
[3] *Hardiment* = boldness, daring.

But forth into the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armour made
A little glooming light much like a shade.

III

THE FIGHT

By the light of his armour he saw lying upon the ground a most foul and loathsome monster, with a huge long tail that covered all the space in the cave, being tied in great knots and twists and bearing a deadly sting. This monster was surrounded by a thousand young ones, all different and each more ill-favoured than the other. When the light from the knight's armour fell upon them, the mother opened her great mouth, and they all crept into it and "suddain all were gone."

The dragon, unfolding her hideous tail, and waving it above her head, peered forth to discover the cause of this disturbance. When she perceived the Red Cross knight fully armed, standing ready to do battle with her in the light of his armour, she was afraid, for she loved the darkness in which she dwelt, and turning round she crept into the shadow.

But the knight, seeing her about to escape from him, drew his sword and leapt upon her and drove her to the mouth of the cave once more. There, being much enraged, the dragon began to utter loud cries in a harsh, hoarse voice, and growing very fierce she turned upon him her speckled tale, making as if to sting him with its poisonous barb. But he fetched a mighty stroke that fell on her head, and then glancing downwards, hit her shoulder. By the violence of that blow she was dazed for a moment, but recovering her senses, she fell into a yet greater rage, and raising herself high in the air, she dropped upon his shield, and at the same time coiled her tail about him so tightly, that, strive as he might, he could stir neither hand nor foot.

The lady who had watched the struggle all this while, seeing his plight, cried out:

"Now, now Sir Knight, show what ye bee,
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee."

The sound of her voice gave him courage, and, scorning to be overcome before her eyes by so foul a monster, he knitted all his force together and set free one hand, with which he gripped the dragon's

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throat. So strong was his grasp that for the pain of it she was forced to slacken her coils from about him. Then, forth from the dragon's mouth there poured a flood of black poison of most evil odour and full of all manner of strange things, such as books and papers and loathly toads, which crept about among the weeds that grew at the mouth of that fearful den.

The strangeness and suddenness of this flood, and also the deadly stench which arose from it, caused the knight to falter for a moment; and when the dragon saw that she had the advantage, she caused all her children, whom she had before swallowed, to come creeping out of her mouth again. Black and ugly were they, all divers, like small serpents, and they came around him, and crept up his legs, and in great swarms crawled over him, nor could he be rid of them though they did him no hurt.

But so great was his rage and his shame that these loathsome reptiles should in such wise crawl upon him, and that he could by no means put them away, that he furiously raised his sword and struck at that she-dragon with more than manly force, and with the blow smote her hateful head from her body.

Coal black blood gushed forth in a stream from the wound, and the swarm of creeping things, unable to find refuge in the mouth of their dead mother, plunged in the inky stream and perished. So at one blow the knight was free from all his foes at once.

His lady who had seen all these things from afar, now approached and gave him great praise of this his first adventure, hoping that many more such might befall him, so that in them all he should have a like success.

Then mounted he upon his steed again
And with the Lady backward sought to wend.
That path he kept which beaten was most plain,
Nor ever would to any byway bend,
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to friend)
He passèd forth and new adventure sought:
Long way he travelled before he heard of ought.

IV

THE HERMITAGE

After journeying thus for some way, they met an old man who went barefoot and was clothed in long black garments. His beard was gray, and from his belt hung a book of prayers. As he went he prayed aloud, seeming in great sadness, and his eyes were cast down to the ground. He seemed a gentle and simple old man who would do harm to none.

Seeing the Knight he saluted him with low bowings, and the Knight returned his salutation as

was courteous, and then asked him news of any strange adventures that had passed in that country. But the old man replied that he was an hermit and dwelt in a lonely cave knowing nothing of war and worldly trouble, but told his beads and spent his time in peaceful meditation as became a holy father.

"Nevertheless," said he, "if you desire to hear of danger and trouble I can tell you of a strange man who lays waste the country-side."

"It is of such men that I enquire," replied the Knight, "and if you will show me his dwelling I will reward you richly; for it is a disgrace to all Knighthood that such a wretch goes unpunished so long."

"He dwells far from here in the midst of a desert which no man has yet crossed, it is so full of dangers," said the holy man.

Upon this the lady spoke, saying that the Knight was now weary from his late fearful strife with the monster, and she urged him to take rest. "For," said she, "there is no man so strong but being weary he will grow weak. Even the sun that drives his chariot across the sky all day, lets his horses rest in the waves of the sea at evening."

"Right well, Sir Knight, have you advisèd

been," cried the aged man, "night is now falling, come with me to my cell where you may find lodging until the morning."

The Knight was well content to follow the hermit, and they continued together until they reached his dwelling.

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pass
In travel to and fro: a little wide.[1]
There was an holy chapel edified,
Wherein the Hermit duly wont to say
His holy things each noon and eventide:
Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain wellèd forth alway.

Arrivèd there, the little house they fill,
Nor look for entertainment, where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With fair discourse the evening so they pass.
For that old man of pleasing words had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glass:
He told of saints and popes, and evermore
He strewed an Ave-Mary after and before.

[1] *A little wide* = a little way off.

But they were very tired with that day's journeying and soon sleep weighed down their eyelids: so the Hermit took them to their several lodgings where being bestowed, they quickly were sound asleep.

Of Archimago and the false Duessa

I

THE MAGIC BOOK

NOW this holy seeming hermit was none other than the wizard Archimago, an enchanter of great power and wickedness, who was the enemy of the Fairy Queen.

He, hearing of the quest given to the Red Cross Knight, and hating above all things Holiness and Truth, was in his mind resolved to work such enchantments as should bring that quest to naught. And, to make a beginning, he straightway devised to separate Una from her knight, that, losing her, he should not continue on his

journey, but wander in search of her and fall in with divers mischievous adventures that should hinder him from the accomplishment of his aim.

As soon as he found that his guests were all fast in sleep, he went to his study and searched through all his books of charms and magic for a means of troubling the minds of sleepers.

Then, having found the spells he sought (and their words are so horrible that none may so much as read them unless he be a master of magic), he made them into a verse. So bold was he that he dared to awaken Queen Persephone, who rules with Pluto over the Kingdom of Darkness of which more anon, and he called also upon Gorgon the Prince of the Dead of Night, calling him by his name, which when it is heard causes the waters of Styx[1] and Cocytus to quail.

No sooner had he uttered these spells than out of the deep and dread darkness there came an host of sprites which fluttered around him like so many flies, waiting to do his bidding. Of these

[1] There were five rivers in Hades, the Kingdom of Darkness:
Styx, the hateful river.
Cocytus, the river of wailing.
Acheron, the river of sorrow.
Phlegethon, the river of fire and anger.
Lethe, the river of forgetfulness.

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L

he chose out the two most false and wicked that were the best skilled in lying, and keeping one by him gave the other a message to the House of Morpheus.[1]

This house is deep down under the earth, so low that the light of day never pierces there, and it has two doors, the one of carven ivory through which pass all the false dreams that go forth at night to trouble sleepers, the other of silver, and that is for the true dreams. But some say that the door of true dreams is a door of horn and not of silver, nor can I tell you whether it be so or no.

Before these doors lie two watch-dogs, but they lie a great way off and keep away all those who would make noise or disturbance in the House of Sleep.

The sprite passed by the watch-dogs without fear, neither did they prevent him, and so he came to where the master of the House, who was Morpheus, lay sleeping. He was aware of nothing but slept on in the silence.

And more, to lull him in his slumbers soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,

[1] *Morpheus.* The god of sleep.

And ever drizzling rain upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne;
No other noise, nor people's troublous cries,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled town,
Might there be heard: but careless quiet lies,
Wrapt in eternal silence far from enemies.

So sound was his sleep that the sprite had much ado to wake him, and even when he was awakened his drowsiness was heavy on him, and he mumbled and groaned without speaking. At last he was brought to an understanding of the message, wherein Archimago demanded a false distracting dream.

The God obeyed, and calling forth straightway
A diverse dream out of his prison dark
Delivered it to him, and down did lay
His heavy head, devoid of careful cark,[1]
Whose senses were all straight benumbed and stark.[2]
He back returning by the Ivory door,
Remounted up as light as cheerful lark,
And on his little wings the dream he bore
In haste unto his lord, where he him left before.

II

THE WICKED DREAM

Now while the first sprite was gone about this business of bringing the evil dream from the house of Morpheus to the enchanter, Archimago who had kept with him the second sprite, had not been idle.

He all this while, with charms and hidden arts,
Had made a Lady of that other sprite,
And framed of liquid air her tender parts,
So lively and so like in all men's sight,

[1] *devoid of careful cark* = without any trouble or anxiety.
[2] *stark* = stiff.

That weaker sense it could have ravished quite:
The maker self, for all his wondrous wit,
Was nigh beguiled [1] with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole [2] most like to seem for Una fit.

And when he had accomplished this work of enchantment, Archimago bade the evil dream seek the Red Cross Knight and fill his mind while he slept, with false slanders against Una. And the knight was sore distressed by the wicked dream and at last he awoke, seeing which Archimago made haste and sent the second spirit disguised as the Lady, who, coming to him, confessed that all these false tales were true.

All clean dismayd to see so uncouth [3] sight
And half enraged at her shameless guise,
He thought have slain her in his fierce despite;
But hasty heat tempring with sufferance wise,
He stayed his hand; and gan himself advise
To prove his sense and tempt her feigned truth.
Wringing her hands in women's piteous wise,
Though she can weep, to stir up gentle ruth [4]
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

[1] *beguiled* = deceived.
[2] *stole* = a long robe.
[3] *uncouth* = ugly.
[4] *ruth* = pity.

Then was the knight heavy in spirit to think that Una, for whose sake he had sworn to fight, and if needs be to give his life, was false and wicked; but, nevertheless, he would not break his oath to be faithful to her and to his quest, and when the sprite left him he again fell into a most unhappy sleep. Once more the evil dream sought to molest him, but in vain, and, at last the sprites were forced to return to Archimago and to confess that all their wiles had been of no avail.

III

THE FLIGHT

By this the Northern Waggoner[1] had set
His sevenfold team behind the stedfast star[1]
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firm is fixed, and sendeth light from far
To all that in the deep wide wandring are;
And cheerful chanticlere[2] with his note shrill
Had warned once that Phœbus' fiery car

[1] *The Northern Waggoner* = The constellation Boötes which is supposed to be the driver of the seven stars called the Plough or the Great Bear. These stars are to be seen near a fixed star called the Pole Star which does not set as do the constellations.

[2] *Chanticlere* = a crowing cock.

In haste was climbing up the Eastern hill,
Full envious that night so long his room did fill.

And when Archimago saw that morning was nigh, and that he had cast spells throughout the hours of darkness to part Una from her Knight, and that the Knight yet remained faithful to his quest, he fell into a great rage, threatening to torment the useless sprites.

But finding all his anger vain, he cast about him to do further evil, and began to search his books once more.

Then he wrought another charm and turned the first sprite into the likeness of a goodly young man. These two sprites, the one in the form of Una, the other in the form of a young man, he placed together in a loving embrace.

Forthwith he runs with feigned faithful haste
Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights
And dreams, gan now to take more sound repast;[1]
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one, aghast with fiends or damned sprites,
And to him calls; "Rise, rise! unhappy swain!"

He then showed him the false couple, and the

[1] *repast* = repose.

knight deceived by the sight would have slain them together, but the aged man restrained him, and when day was fully come he donned his armour and went hastily away.

Nor went he alone, for the faithful dwarf, learning his grief and its shameful cause, brought him his steed and fled with him from the unhappy lady.

IV

THE SARAZIN AND FIDESSA

Now there dwelt in that land a great witch called Duessa. The same was a friend to Archimago, and even more wicked than he, and

she rode about in the forests and on the high-road, stirring up strife and battle between goodly knights, and turning all such as she could from their quest, for in those deeds was all her delight.

She was skilled in disguises and could show herself in outward seeming the fairest and most noble dame that ever man saw, but inwardly she was very foul, as shall be seen before we be come to the end of our story.

At this time she was in the company of one Sansfoy, elder brother to Sansloy and Sansjoy, all wicked knights and strong. And Sansfoy had overcome many good and worthy knights, and the spoils of his unhallowed arms he gave to Duessa. She rode with him, clad in a goodly robe of scarlet embroidered with gold and pearls.

On her head she wore a high cap garnished with crowns and brooches, and her horse had trappings of rich stuff, curiously woven like waves of water, and the golden bells and bosses on his bridle made tinkling music as she rode.

Sansfoy was mounted on a great charger, and on his shield his name was painted in gay letters. He was large of limb and all his joints were strong, and he cared neither for God nor man.

As they rode the lady entertained Sansfoy with

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merry speech, and while they made mirth together, suddenly they were aware of the Red Cross Knight in the way.

He was wandering, still lost in his grief, and flying from the fury of his jealous thought, so that, at first he did not mark the Sarazin. But Duessa bade her knight address him to the fray, and Sansfoy spurred his horse on most cruelly, and rode to do battle with the Red Cross Knight.

Then, when the Red Cross Knight saw what manner of man this was which came towards him, he crouched his spear, and soon they met in fell and furious shock. So fierce was the encounter that their steeds staggered and were amazed, and even the knights themselves fell back, each several paces.

As when two rams, stirred with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleecèd flock,
Their hornèd fronts so fierce on either side
Do meet, that with the terror of the shock,
Astonished, both stand senseless as a block
Forgetful of the hanging victory:
So stood these twain, unmoved as a rock,
Both staring fierce and holding idely
The broken relics of their former cruelty.

Then the Sarazin, casting away his broken spear, snatched his sword and fell upon the Red Cross Knight, who warded the blow and struck back again with equal force. Each knight strove to pierce the other's armour, and each beat on the other's shield until sparks of fire flew up as from a forge, and the green fields grew red with the blood which flowed from their wounds.

Then began the Sarazin Sanfoy to curse the cross on his enemy's armour, which kept him from death as by a charm. "But yet I warn thee, now assured sit and hide thy head," he cried, and therewith struck a mighty blow at his head which hewed away a piece from his crest before the Red Cross Knight could defend himself. But these words, and eke the dreadful blow awoke in the Red Cross Knight such wondrous rage that he

At his haughty helmet making mark
So hugely stroke, that it the steel did rive,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling down alive,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kiss,
Greeting his grave; his grudging ghost did strive
With the frail flesh, at last it flitted is,
Whither the souls do fly of men that live amiss.

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V

DUESSA'S FALSE TALE

The Sarazin being now dead, the knight turned him to look for the lady. But she was already fled far from him on her palfrey; so, bidding the dwarf follow after with the dead champion's shield, he started in pursuit of her, and soon overtaking bad her to stay for she had no cause to fear him.

She turning back, with rueful countenance,
Cried, "Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
On silly [1] dame, subject to hard mischance
And to your mighty will. "Her humblesse [2] low
In so rich weeds [3] and seeming glorious show,
Did much emove his stout heroic heart;
And said, "Dear dame, your sudden overthrow
Much rueth me; [4] but now put fear apart
And tell both who ye be, and who that took your part."

Then she began to lament and weep and to tell her tale. "My name," said she, "is Fidessa." I

[1] *Silly*—This word used to mean harmless or simple.
[2] *humblesse* = humility.
[3] *Weeds* = clothes.
[4] *Much rueth me* = fills me with grief.

was born the only daughter of the Emperor of the West, and while I was still in my freshest youth I was betrothed to a young Prince. He was the fairest and gentlest and most faithful of Princes, and moreover the only son and heir of a rich and wise king. But, alas! before the wedding day the enemies of my betrothed Prince entrapped him and did most cruelly slay him, for which I ever mourn.

And when those sad tidings were brought to me, my sorrow was great, but when I went forth to see the lifeless corpse of my beloved, it was nowhere to be found, for those wicked men had taken it secretly and hidden it I know not where.

Then I set forth on a quest to find the blessed body of my prince, and for many years I wandered through the world, wellnigh mad with grief and wounded love.

For a long time I wandered alone, but at last it chanced that on my way I met the proud Sarazin Sansfoy, the eldest of three brothers all sons of one bad sire. He took me prisoner and by force led me with him on his journey until to-day, when he is slain, and I, sad, friendless and unfortunate, crave pity of you that at least you do me no harm.

The Knight, in a great passion of pity listened to this tale, looking meanwhile on her seeming lovely face, and when she had ended speaking he answered her.

"Fair lady, a heart of flint must needs pity your undeserved woes, but henceforward you have found a friend and lost a foe, for I will do you no harm but rather defend you from your enemies."

When Duessa heard these words she was greatly rejoiced, knowing that she had deceived the good knight, so casting down her eyes to the ground as a modest, simple maid, she ceased her lamenting and went with the Red Cross Knight who strove to be merry that he might cheer her on the way. And so they travelled together for a long time, he all the while in the belief that she was the Princess Fidessa, a good and simple maid.

VI

THE ENCHANTED TREE

Long time they thus together travellèd
Till weary of the way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees that fair did spread
Their arms abroad with grey moss overcast;

And their green leaves trembling with every blast,
Made a calm shadow far in compass round;
The fearful shepherd, often there aghast[1]
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His merry oaten pipe, but shunned the unlucky ground.[2]

But the day was now grown to noon and the sun was hot and beat fiercely upon the Knight and his new lady, so he, not knowing of the evil name of the place, led her to the shade; and they both alighted from their horses to rest and refresh themselves after the noonday heat.

There they talked pleasantly to each other a while, and the Knight, ever more deceived, thought her the fairest lady that ever yet lived, and to do her honour he was minded to weave her a garland of branches for her head. To that intent he plucked a little bough from the tree that waved above them. But great was his horror to see from the place where he had broken the branch, small drops of blood burst forth and trickle down the trunk.

[1] *Aghast* = terrified.

[2] *ne wont there sound his merry oaten pipe* = nor would he come and play his pipe there.

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Then a voice cried from the tree; "O, spare me! Stay your hand and do not tear my tender flesh imprisoned in the rough bark of this tree; fly fast from hence, lest you meet the same fate that hath overtaken me and my dear love, whom in the likeness of a tree you see beside me." And, with that, the voice fell to lamenting with piteous yells, and the Knight stood astonished, and his hair rose on his head for sudden horror of that thing.

At last, when he was somewhat recovered of his amazement he found voice and asked:

"What voice of damned ghost from Limbo lake,[1]
Or guileful spright wand'ring in empty air,
Both which frail men do oftentimes mistake
Sends to my doubtful ears these speeches rare?"[2]

"I am no ghost," replied the voice, "nor am I a deceitful spirit, but a most unhappy mortal, once known as Fradubio, now a prisoner within this tree whose likeness I bear. A witch, wreaking her spite upon me, has brought me to this unhappy condition, and placed me in the midst of this open plain, where I suffer from the blasts of

[1] *Limbo lake* = the lake of lost souls.
[2] *Speeches rare* = thin-sounding voices.

the cold north wind and from the scorching heat of the sun, for though I seem a tree, yet feel I heat and cold as a man."

The Knight then besought the unfortunate Fradubio to tell his tale, and the voice begun again.

"The author," then said he, "of all my smarts
Is one Duessa a false sorceress
That many errant knights hath brought to wretchedness."

While I was yet a knight young and bold, I loved a gentle lady named Fraelissa, and, once, as we rode together, I met with a knight who was travelling in the company of Duessa the witch. She rode with him in the guise of a fair and comely dame.

Whose forged beauty he did take in hand
All other dames to have exceeded far;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine that did then shine as the morning star.

And in equal fight I overthrew him and took his arms and his lady as the prize of my victory.

For some time after I travelled thus, with two

ladies each fair to the eye, though the beauty of Duessa was as false as Fraelissa's was true. Then I, foolish and unhappy man, grew doubtful in my mind whether indeed my own love were the fairer and one day made a garland of roses purposing to give it to the one who should indeed prove fairer in my eyes. But the question was hard.

Fraelissa was as fair as fair mote be
And ever false Duessa seemed as fair as she.

Duessa, seeing that the balance swayed now on this side, now on that, used witchcraft to aid her in winning the prize, and by charms caused a foggy mist to arise between me and Fraelissa, through which my own true love shewed dim and of a foul and ugly form, so that Duessa alone remained fair.

She, seeing that my eyes were deceived, cried out, bidding me leave Fraelissa who was at last, she said, revealed in her true nature, and unworthy of my love. I, believing her, would have slain my lady, but the witch, staying my hand, led me away, and when I had left Fraelissa, Duessa by her charms turned her to a tree which you, Sir Knight, may see beside me in this place.

Then I journeyed forward with Duessa whom I took for my love and my lady in place of Fraelissa, and for a while I was deceived.

But when spring was come there fell a day on which all witches must bathe themselves and be anointed with simples and the distilled juices of herbs, and for a time take on their true shape. And on that day I chanced to come upon Duessa bathing herself, and knew her for the wicked witch she was. At first she knew not that I had

seen her, and secretly in my heart I devised how best to slip away from her.

The hateful hag by changes of my cheer
Perceived my thought, and drowned in sleepy night,
With wicked herbs and ointments did besmear
My body all, through charms and magic might,
That all my senses were bereaved quite:[1]
Then brought she me into this desert waste

[1] *All my senses were bereaved quite* = I was bereft of my senses.

And by my wretched lover's side me pight;[1]
Where now enclosed in wooden walls full fast
Banished from living wights our weary days we waste.

The Red Cross Knight, being full of pity for Fradubio's sad plight, began forthwith to enquire of him how long this enchantment must last, and if he could by any means help him. But Fradubio replied that he and Fraelissa must suffer until an appointed time when one, bathing them in water from a living well should set them free. The Knight then stopped up the bleeding wooden wounds with fresh clay, and turning to his lady found her nigh dead with fear in a swoon on the ground.

For Duessa, hearing the story, feared lest the Knight should by these words know her for a witch; but he, too simple and too true to suspect her, began to tend and comfort her with great care and many loving words. Then, when she was recovered somewhat from her swoon he set her on her horse, and forth they fared from that fearful place.

[1] *Pight* = put.

Of the House of Pride

I

OF FICKLENESS

YOUNG knight whatever, that dost arms profess,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of fickleness,
In choice and change of thy dear-loved Dame;
Lest thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening do thy heart remove:
For unto knight there is no greater shame

Than lightness and inconstancy in love:
That doth this Red Cross Knight's ensample
plainly prove.

For it hath been seen that by too easily believing Una false he left her, and so fell into the power of Duessa who had never deceived him had his true lady been by his side; and now we shall see what evil fortunes befell him, and what great misfortunes he must endure through that one fault.

II

THE PALACE

Now when the Red Cross Knight and the lady he called Fidessa had travelled together many days, they came to a broad road trodden bare of grass or weed by the feet of many people; and this road led to a goodly building that seemed the house of some mighty Prince, so richly was it ornamented. Day and night there travelled towards it great troops of folk of every degree, some were rich and glorious in their attire, some were poor, but those who travelled in the contrary direction, coming away from the house, were few,

and all of them in the guise of wretched beggars or loathsome lazars who must needs hide in hedges and ditches from the sight of men.

"Here, in this Palace," said Duessa, "will we pass the night, for I am weary with my journey, and the day is fast ending."

When they drew near they saw the Palace was a stately building of hewed stones which were laid one on the other without mortar to bind them. But though the walls rose high into the air, glittering with the gold foil that overlaid them, they were neither strong nor thick. There were also many towers with balconies and galleries, and wide windows and delightful bowers, and high above all there rose a great sun-dial, so that men might read the hours as they went by. Pity it was that a house so goodly and fashioned by such cunning workmen should be built on a weak foundation, for it stood on the top of a sandy, shifting hill that ever trembled with the passing wind, and all those hinder parts of the house, that few could see, were hideous and old, though they were painted to hide their ruin.

The gates stood wide open, and every man was made welcome by the porter whose name was Malvenu.

Duessa and the Red Cross Knight passed on through the gates and came to the hall which was richly hung with arras of great price, and there they found a throng of people all waiting to obtain sight of the Queen of the Palace.

III

THE QUEEN

Duessa, passing through the crowd of people who gazed with wonder on her and on her companion, led him to the Presence Chamber. When they entered in they were amazed and dazzled by the pomp and glory of that place, for it was greater than the pomp of any earthly prince and more sumptuous even than the fabled court of Persia. And the courtiers, both lords and ladies, stood everywhere, making the place yet more fair by their presence.

A cloth of state was spread over a high dais on which was placed the throne, and there sat a Maiden Queen, clothed in glistering cloth of gold and adorned with precious stones. But her beauty far outshone the glory of her garments, and the splendour of her throne, so bright and blazing it

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was, as she sat proudly shining in her princely state.

Her eyes were cast upwards, for she disdained to look upon the ground, and underneath her scornful feet lay a dragon, hideous and dreadful, with a long tail. In her hand she held a polished mirror, and often viewed her face therein, for she was both proud and vain.

Her name was Lucifera and she was the daughter of King Pluto and Queen Proserpina, the friends of Archimago.

But she was so proud that she disdained her parents even though they were king and queen, and said she was daughter of the greatest of all kings, even of King Jove himself.

Furthermore she had no rightful kingdom of her own, but desiring to be queen had usurped the throne which she now held, and she governed her kingdom by her own will, aided by six wicked wizards who were her counsellors.

A young and gentle usher called Vanité made way for Duessa and the Red Cross Knight, and led them to the lowest step of the throne, where they knelt and made obeisance to her most humbly, declaring the cause of their coming which was that they desired to see her royal

state of which they had heard such marvellous report.

With lofty eyes, half loth to look so low,
She thankèd them in her disdainful wise;
Nor other grace vouchsafed them to show
Of Princess worthy; scarce bad them arise.
Her Lords and Ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to strangers' sight:
Some frounce their curled hair in courtly guise;
Some prank their ruffs: and others trimly dight
Their gay attire; each others greater pride does spite.[1]

Goodly they all that Knight do entertain,
Right glad with him to have increased their crew;
But to Duess' each one himself did pain
All kindness and fair courtesy to show,
For in that court whilome[2] her well they knew:
Yet the stout Fairy[3] 'mongst the middest crowd

[1] *Some prank their ruffs . . . pride does spite*, some display their ruffs, others arrange their gay attire to show it to advantage, and everyone tries to outshine all the rest.

[2] *whilome* = formerly.

[3] *the stout Fairy*. *Stout* here means brave. The Red Cross Knight is often the fairy or Elfin Knight because he came from the court of the Fairy Queen, and for another reason which we shall hear later.

Thought all their glory vain in knightly view
And that great Princess too exceeding proud
That to strange Knight no better countenance
allowed.

IV

THE COACH AND THE COUNSELLORS

While they were thus making merry together, Queen Lucifera arose suddenly from her throne and called for her coach. It was brought, and all the courtiers rushed forth eagerly to accompany her, but she, stepping slow and proudly, passed through the outer hall where all the people crowded together and trod on each other to catch a glimpse of her beauty and glorious array.

Her coach was golden, and all hung with garlands of fresh flowers, but it was drawn by six beasts of different kinds, all ill-suited for a chariot, and her six counsellors, the old wizards rode, one on each beast, before her.

The First Counsellor rode upon an Ass. Now this Ass was lazy and went slowly, which, when you have heard of the other beasts, you will say was no evil thing. The First Counsellor was

clothed in a black robe, and a fine white linen tippet, like a monk, and in his hand he carried a little book of prayers. This little book was worn on the outside, for he carried it open in his hand, but inside the pages were fresh and unused, for never did he read it night or day. He was no good leader for the chariot, for he never looked to right or to left to see whether the path were clear, and his head hung down and nodded forward on his breast by reason of his drowsiness.

This Counsellor made much pretence of wisdom and contemplation, but this was an excuse that he

might be left to sleep and rest in peace; and because he would never bestir himself to take exercise, he was tormented by a shaking fever that raged in his bones continually.

By the side of the lazy Ass was harnessed a filthy Pig, on which rode the Second Counsellor, who, of all Queen Lucifera's wizards, was the most ugly to behold. He was very fat, so fat that his eyes were nearly buried in the flesh of his face, but he had a long neck, as long and thin as a crane's and, when he ate, his throat was so long, he swallowed quickly more food than would satisfy many poor hungry folk. He was clad in green vine-leaves, for, being so fat, he could not bear the heat of warmer garments, and on his head he wore a wreath of ivy from under which great drops of sweat rolled down over his face. And, even riding out before the queen he must be eating, and in one hand he held a drinking-can from which he took great draughts as they rode along. He was so fat that he could not walk, and for a counsellor he was most unfit, for so stupid did his overmuch eating and drinking make him, that he was seldom able to tell a friend from a foe, and he was likewise troubled with a constant sickness.

The Third Counsellor rode on a bearded goat

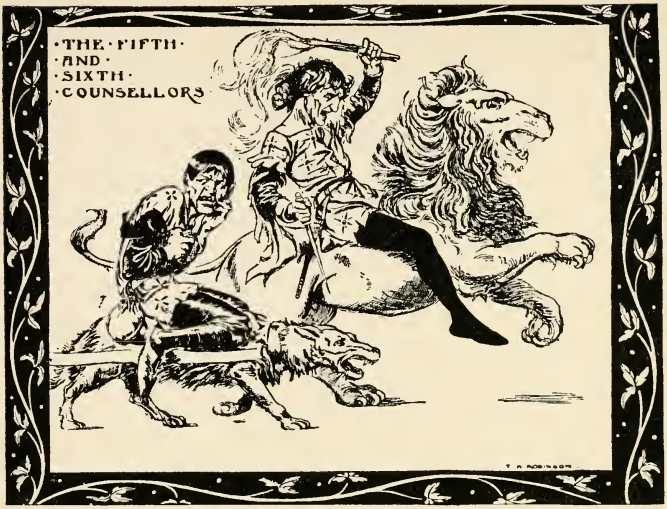
with wall eyes. And, if you do not know what these are, I will tell you that wall eyes are such as be all of one colour, and that a green so light that some think it is white, and these eyes are a sign of jealousy. This Counsellor was clothed in a fair, green gown and carried a burning heart in his hand, so that he had a fine outward seeming and was the lover of many ladies. But his face was rough and black, and his inward heart was fickle and full of falsehood and guile. He spent his

time in dancing and singing and telling fortunes with other vain deeds, and thereby did deceive many and bring them to naught, for he sought ever to tempt ladies from their true loves, and then left them lonely.

By his side, upon a Camel, rode the Fourth Counsellor with a heap of golden coin in his lap, and two iron coffers hung one on either side, full of gold coins also, and as he went he counted them. He was an old usurer and had great store of wealth which brought him no happiness, for by night and by day he was in dread lest some of his gold should be stolen from him; and yet he had no children who might inherit it nor did he enjoy the use of it himself, for he wore a threadbare coat and cobbled shoes and knew not what it was to taste of dainty food.

And yet, though he had such great store of wealth he wished for more, and was further tormented by a grievous gout in his hands and feet so that he could neither stand nor walk nor even touch his gold without pain. Such an one was the Fourth Counsellor.

Behind him came a Ravenous Wolf on whose back the Fifth Counsellor rode. This wizard was the most wicked of all those wicked men.



In his mouth he chewed a venomous toad and in his bosom there lay hid a snake whose sting and tail were tied in many knots. As he rode he gnashed his teeth to see the heaps of gold which the Fourth Counsellor carried, and even the glory of Lucifera and the merry-making of the courtiers made him angry. He hated all good works and virtuous deeds and almsgiving, and even the verses of the famous poets. He was a backbiter and a slanderer.

The Sixth Counsellor rode upon a Lion, which was an unhandy beast, and hard to drive. In

his hand he brandished a burning torch, waving it around his head, and his eyes flashed sparks of fire. He kept his hand on his dagger and trembled with rage whenever he grew angry, which was often, as could be seen by his garments, which were all torn to rags and full of blood-stains because of his violence. But when his anger was over he would repent his cruel deeds, and yet that repentance did in no wise hinder him from the same mischief again.

On the beam of the chariot there sat astride a fierce demon who lashed the team, and more especially the Ass, with his whip; and huge routs of people surrounded them and shouted for joy as they came.

and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land;
And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay
Dead sculls and bones of men whose life had gone astray.

And in this sort they went forth to take the air, and came to a fresh flowering wood where they disported themselves awhile. And Duessa had the place of honour, riding nearest to the queen's chariot, but the Red Cross Knight would

not go so nigh to her and rode a little apart deeming the lightness of the company but ill-fitted for a warlike swain.

So, having taken their pleasure in the fields for a space, they turned them back to the House of Pride.

Of the defeat of the Cruel Sarazin, and of Divers grisly Ghosts

I

SANSJOY

AS has been already told, the Paynim King had three sons, Sansfoy, Sansjoy and Sansloy, of whom the Red Cross Knight had slain the eldest that was named Sansfoy.

And the dwarf, who ever followed his master, bore about with him the dead knight's shield in sign that his master had been victor in that fight.

Now it chanced that Sansjoy, his brother, a man inflamed with fury and fierce daring, and of a bitter and revengeful mind, had, in his journeying reached the House of Pride, while the queen and all her company were abroad in the wood.

He, seeing his brother's shield borne by the page, and understanding thereby that the Red Cross Knight had slain Sansfoy, did leap on the page and reft away the shield from him. But the Red Cross Knight was by no means minded thus to lose his spoil, and rushing upon him with equal fierceness rescued the shield again.

Thereupon the two knights prepared to fight most greedily, clashing their shields and shaking their swords, so that all the company were much affrighted, and the queen herself commanded them upon pain of her high displeasure to refrain, saying that they should on the morrow settle their dispute in the lists of a tournament.

"Ah dearest dame," quoth then the Paynim bold,
"Pardon the error of enraged wight,

Whom great grief made forget the reins to hold
Of reason's rule, to see this recreant knight,
No knight but treachour full of false despight
And shameful treason, who through guile hath slain
The prowest [1] knight that ever field did fight,
Even stout Sansfoy (O who can then refrain)
Whose shield he bears renversed, the more to heap disdain.

"And, to augment the glory of his guile,
His dearest love, the fair Fidessa, lo!
Is there possessed of the traitor vile;
Who reaps the harvest sowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloody field, and bought with woe:
That brothers hand shall dearly well requite
So be, O Queen! you equal favour show."
Him little answered the angry Elfin knight;
He never meant with words but swords, to plead his right.

The knight having thrown down his gauntlet and challenged the Sarazin to single combat on the morrow, the whole company betook themselves to the Palace where they fell to feasting

[1] *prowest* = bravest, boldest.

and jollity in which they passed a great part of the night.

But at last they were all weary and betook themselves to rest. Then, when everyone was sunk in sleep, Duessa arose out of her bed and went to find the Paynim Sansjoy. Him she found waking for he could not sleep for thinking how he should best trouble his foe on the morrow. She began then to speak tenderly to him, calling him, "dear Sansjoy, next dearest to Sansfoy," and to bewail her own most unhappy fate, in that she was consumed with grief for her dead Sansfoy that was the flower of grace and chivalry.

Sansjoy then comforted her with fair words and bade her tell him all her grief. Then Duessa began to lament anew saying she had spent no one happy hour since first she met and loved Sansfoy: for at first they went through many dangers together, "And," said that false witch:

"At last when perils all I weenèd past,
And hoped to reap the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast
By this false faytor who . . . brought him to shameful grave, and
. . . Me, silly maid, away with him he bore
And ever since hath kept in darksome Cave."

Then, when she saw that he believed her tale, she besought him for the love of his dead brother to slay the Red Cross Knight. He replying that they were to fight for the shield and for naught else, she then told him that the knight wore magic armour and an enchanted shield.

"But," said the Paynim, "I care not for them."

Then he bade Duessa go to her rest, and she left him promising that all her secret aid should be his.

II

THE TOURNAMENT

The Red Cross Knight watched for the dawn and turned in his mind many devices whereby he might achieve the greater honour in the coming tourney. When at last the gates of heaven opened and the sun came forth fresh and glorious as a young bridegroom, the knight started from his bed and arrayed himself in sun-bright armour and battaillous array, and made him ready to meet the proud Paynim.

In the great hall of the Palace he found all the folk assembled, come together thus early to witness the first signs of the combat. And minstrels and singers and story-tellers were there who made entertainment for the people until such time as the tournament should begin.

Soon came Sansjoy the Paynim, fully armed and dressed in a coat of woven mail, and when he was arrived they brought forth wines of Greece and Araby and precious spices from India with which to cheer and refresh them before they set to fight.

Then they went to a green field shut in with a palisade, where, on a tree, was hung Sansfoy's

shield, and over against it was placed Duessa, so that all men might know how that the shield and the lady were both prizes of the tournament; and when Queen Lucifera entered with great and royal pomp, and had seated herself under a stately canopy, a trumpet was sounded and the battle began. Then those two knights, tying their shields to their wrists, brandished their swords about their heads:

With greedy force each other doth assail,
And strike so fiercely that they do impress
Deep dinted furrows in the battered mail;
The iron walls to ward their blows are weak and frail.

The Sarazin was stout and wondrous strong,
And heaped blows like iron hammers great;
For after blood and vengeance did he long:
The knight was fierce and full of deadly heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For all for praise and honour did he fight,
Both stricken strike, and beaten both do beat,
That from their shields forth flieth fiery light,
And hewen helmets deep shew marks of either's might.

So the one for wrong, the other strives for right,
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
The cruel steel so greedily doth bite
In tender flesh that streams of blood down flow;
With which the arms that erst so bright did show
Into a pure vermilion now are dyed.
Great ruth in all the gazers hearts did grow,
Seeing the gorèd wounds to gape so wide,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

At last the Paynim chanced to catch sight of his brother's shield that hung on the tree, and thereby was his wrath doubled, so that he rushed upon his foe crying, "Go caitiff, seek my brother's soul that now sits wailing by the Lake of Darkness, tell him that I, his faithful brother, have slain thee and redeemed his shield." And he fetched him a blow on the crest so fearful that twice the Red Cross Knight reeled and came near to falling.

Then the lookers-on, deeming that the victory was to Sansjoy, began to shout, and Duessa called:

"Thine the shield and I, and all."

But the Red Cross Knight, hearing his lady's voice, and not knowing that she cried to Sansjoy,

waked him from the swoon into which the blow had wellnigh cast him, and throwing himself once more upon Sansjoy, drove him down to his knees on the ground before him.

"Ah! proud miscreant," he cried, "now mayest thou go thyself and do thine own message to thy brother's soul. He is alone and needs thee. Tell him that I now bear thy shield along with his," and raising his sword he would have slain him; but a cloud of darkness suddenly descended before his eyes, and Duessa running from her place cast herself before him and implored him to stay his hand, saying, "Dost thou not see, he is already dead of his wounds?" And when the cloud passed away, lo! Sansjoy was no more there.

But the Red Cross Knight was not satisfied, and cast about him to find his foe, until the trumpets sounded, and all the heralds, running to him, proclaimed him Victor of the tournament and restored to him the shield.

Then went he to Queen Lucifera and, kneeling before her, did homage to her and received great praise of his chivalry, upon which they all returned homeward with much rejoicing. But being grievously wounded the knight must needs be laid in a sumptuous bed, and to him came

skilful leeches who washed his wounds in wine and oil and laid upon them healing balms.

Then sweet music was played before him to make him forget his pain, and by his side sat Duessa and wept bitterly.

III

THE JOURNEY

As when a weary traveller that strays
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthèd Nile,
Unweeting of the perilous, wand'ring ways,
Doth meet a cruel, crafty crocodile,
Which in false grief hiding his harmful guile,
Doth weep full sore and sheddeth tender tears;
The foolish man that pities all this while
His mournful plight, is swallowed up unwares
Forgetful of his own that minds another's cares.

So wept Duessa until eventide,
That shining lamps in Jove's high house were light;
Then forth she rose, nor longer would abide
But comes unto the place where the Heathen Knight
In slumb'ring swoon nigh void of vital sprite
Lay covered with enchanted cloud all day;

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There had she hidden him, when, by her magic arts she had carried him away from the Red Cross Knight in a black cloud. Now, finding him by no means recovered of his wounds but rather like to die, she made no stay to comfort him or to bewail his lot, but set forth immediately on a long journey. Passing through the air with magic speed she came to the utmost East where dwelt the most ancient grandmother of all witches, sister to that Paynim who was the father of Sansfoy, Sansjoy and Sansloy.

This old hag never dared come forth while yet a ray of light from the sun shone on the earth, but when Duessa found her night had fallen and she was coming out of her darksome den, wrapped in a pitch black mantle. Before the entrance to the cave stood her iron chariot ready harnessed for a journey. The horses were coal black and as they stood they champed their rusty bits. When the old witch saw Duessa all clothed in gold and jewels, she blinked and made as if to return to the darkness of her cave, for she was dazzled even in that dim light by the brightness of her raiment; but Duessa cried aloud, bidding her stay, for she was come to beg her aid for her nephew Sansjoy.

Then came the old witch forth again, and en-

quired what ill had befallen him, and Duessa told her of the death of Sansfoy and Sansjoy's parlous plight. The old witch cursed the man who had overthrown her two nephews, and asked who the lady was that had come thus far alone and by night to bring the evil news.

"I, that do seem not I, Duessa am,"
Quoth she. "However now in garments gilt
And gorgeous gold arrayed I to thee came."

Then bowing down her aged back, she kissed
The wicked witch,[1] saying, "In that fair face

[1] *The wicked witch* = Duessa.

The false resemblance of deceit, I wist,
Did closely lurk; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
Could it discerne though I the mother be
Of falsehood, and root of Duessa's race.
O welcome, child! whom I have longed to see
And now have seen unwares. Lo! now I go
with thee.

Then both these witches, the one old and ugly, the other fair and well-favoured, climbed into the iron chariot and began their journey.

Four horses had they, two black and two brown, that swam softly and swiftly through the air, but when the old witch pulled the reins tighter they stamped and tar foamed blackly forth from their mouths as they ramped in heaven.

At last they reach the place where Sansjoy still lay hidden from the sight of men by Duessa's magic cloud, and together they tended his wounds.

And all the while that the old witch stood there upon the earth, the watch-dogs who had heard the wheels of her chariot never ceased from baying, and so frightful was her presence that the owls around shrieked aloud, and the hungry wolves who had seen her face all howled together.

At last, seeing that all their care was of no avail, they took the senseless corse of Sansjoy and laid it in the chariot to take it to the Kingdom of Ghosts, where they purposed to find the greatest of all physicians, even Æsculapius, that he might heal the Paynim.

IV

THE GHOSTS

The way into the Kingdom of Ghosts is through a black, deep gulf out of which smoke and sulphurous fumes rise continually, and the living who go down there never return again but by some special grace, or unless they be witches or dreadful furies or evil spirits sent forth to frighten men. But the witches drove together down into that dread Kingdom, and as they went in, their black chariot made the more horrible by the blood which flowed from the wounds of Sansfoy, the trembling ghosts stood up in rows and stared with sad, stony eyes, and clattered their iron teeth in amazement at the sight.

Then they came to the House of Pluto, and beyond that was the river Acheron on whose banks sat the wailing ghosts. This river they

crossed and came next to the fiery river Phlegethon, and there the air was filled with the shrieks of the burning ghosts.

At last they reached the door of the Dwelling of Ghosts before which lay Cerberus the Three-headed dog. He lay among a thousand venomous adders.

"And lillèd forth his bloody, flaming tongue."

When this monster saw them, he rose and began to snarl, but the old witch who had power over all the creatures of darkness called to him and he suffered them quietly to pass.

Then they came within and found the Tormented Ghosts. First was Ixion bound upon a burning wheel that turned in the air yet crushed him not; and next poor Sisyphus condemned to roll a stone up an endless hill, and ever the stone rolled back upon him so that his work was without beginning as it was without end. And the plight of Tantalus was yet more evil:

Deep was he drenchèd to the utmost chin,
Yet gapèd still as coveting to drink
Of the cold liquor which he waded in;
And stretching forth his hand did often think

To reach the fruit which grew upon the brink;
But both the fruit from hand, and food from mouth,
Did fly aback, and made him vainly swink;
The whiles he starved with hunger and with drouth
He daily died, yet never thoroughly dyen couth.[1]

Many others they saw, the fifty wicked sisters who ever strove to fill with water pitchers that had each an hole through which the water flowed away, and Tityus who could never die though a vulture fed himself daily on his flesh. All these Tormented Ghosts ceased from their labours and their torment when they saw the chariot draw near, but the witches went ever forward until they came to that cave,

Deep, dark, uneasy, doleful, comfortless
In which sad Æsculapius, far apart
Emprisoned was in chains remediless.

Now the cause for which this great physician was imprisoned, I shall straightway tell you, for he was cast down to the abode of the Tormented Ghosts because he had brought back to life Hippolytus, a young prince whom two sea-monsters had torn in pieces.

[1] Yet he could never really die.

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And Jove, hearing of this deed, was exceeding wroth, because he had done more than a man may do. Wherefore he was doomed, while yet a living man, to dwell in the abode of ghosts, and was furthermore tormented by a wound which with all his art he could not heal, for it had been made by the thunderbolt of Jove himself.

Then that old witch, descending from her chariot, bore the body of Sansjoy in her arms, and laying him before Æsculapius besought him that he would use his great art, and restore her nephew's life; to which Æsculapius replied that seeing he was already in torment by reason of his too great skill, he would not add to his offence by any further deed of healing.

But the witch, showing him that his doom once pronounced he could not hope to change it, and that by restoring Sansjoy he might gain honour and endless praise, her words prevailed, and he took Sansjoy to his cave.

Then that most ancient grandmother of witches mounted again into her iron chariot, and hastened that she might regain her cave before the rising of the sun; and Duessa, taking leave of her, returned to the House of Pride.

V

THE DEPARTURE

Now while Duessa was away on her journey, the Red Cross Knight had been awakened out of his slumbers by the faithful dwarf, who, coming to him secretly in the absence of the lady, told him an horrible tale.

For, while he wandered through that great house, he had come upon an huge dungeon, wherein numbers of most wretched prisoners were confined.

A rueful sight as could be seen with eye,
Of whom he learnèd had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivity;
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,[1]
Through wasteful pride and wanton Riotise
They were by law of that proud Tyraness[2]
Provoked with Wrath[1] and Envy's[1] false surmise,
Condemnèd to that dungeon merciless
Where they should live in woe, and die in wretchedness.

[1] Three of her counsellors. [2] Lucifera.

There they lay all together in a heap, men and women, an endless rout from every nation of the earth, and most of them kings and princes, or lords and ladies of high degree, who at some time or other had become the thralls of Lucifera, and were at last, by that proud and haughty queen, brought to this wretched state.

When the Red Cross Knight heard these dreadful tidings, and had listened to all the dwarf told of their sorrow and misfortune, he would no longer rest, but, in spite of his all unhealed wounds arose from his bed before it was yet day, and donned his armour once more.

Then the faithful dwarf led him to a little postern which he had discovered, for he dared not go forth by the great gate, lest they should be caught, and so slain. And their way led through the secret places of the House of Pride, where at every footstep they trod on the dead bodies of murdered men who had fallen victims to the pride of Queen Lucifera. And outside the wall, when they came there, was yet a great heap of bodies, thrown there without any rite of burial.

And from this dreadful spectacle the Red Cross Knight rode, and the dwarf with him.

And it was in the early morning.

How the Lion would not leave Una and how she dwelt with Satyrs in a wood

I

OF PITY

NAUGHT is there under heaven's wide hollowness
That moves more dear compassion of the mind,
Than beauty brought to unworthy wretchedness
Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,

Feel my heart pierced with so great agony
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

And now it is empassionèd so deep,
For fairest Una's sake, of whom I sing,
That my frail eyes these lines with tears so steep,
To think how she through guileful handling
Though true as touch,[1] though daughter of a king,
Though fair as ever living wight was fair,
Though nor in word nor deed ill-meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despair
And her due loves derived to that vile witche's share.

For when she woke that morning in the hermit's house, and found not only her knight fled away, but with him also her faithful dwarf who was wont to wait on her from dawn to night, she began to weep and wail. Then, mounting her ass, she strove to hasten after them, but the beast was slow, and the knight had ridden furiously. So that, though she followed without rest, taking her weary limbs over hill and dale, she did not find him.

[1] *true as touch* = as true as touchstone which can tell if gold be pure or no.

Archimago was well content that he had parted the one from the other, and he now set himself to devise further mischief and harm to Una, for he hated her with deadly hatred and took pleasure in her grief. Then he made himself into the likeness of the Red Cross Knight, and put on mighty armour which bore on the breast a blood-red cross, and on his arm he bore a silver shield.

Thus disguised, he set forth to meet Una in the way, purposing to do her harm; and so I weep for the great troubles the lady must undergo.

II

THE LION

So Una strayed in wildernesses and wasteful deserts alone and unattended, still riding on the patient ass. And though she passed far from all dwellings of people she was not afraid and longed only for tidings of her knight, but never any came to her.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight:
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight:

From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside. Her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven shinèd bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place:
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortuned out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy:
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devoured her tender corse;
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse
And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

And he kissed her feet and licked her hands, until she forgot her fear of him, and wept in thankfulness for his mildness.

Then was Una full of wonder and of sorrow. "For," said she, "the Lion, the lord of every beast, who of late was full of hungry rage, is now so filled with pity of my sad state, that he forgets his hunger and yields me submission.

But he, my Lion, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her, that him loved, and ever most adored. . . "

Redounding tears did choke the end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood:
With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood.
At last in close heart, shutting up her pain
Arose the virgin, born of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayed champion if she might attain.

The Lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And when she waked he waited diligent
With humble service to her will prepared;
From her fair eyes he took commandment
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

III

THE COTTAGE

At last, after long journeying they came to a place where the grass was trodden as by the feet of people passing to and fro, and this was at the foot of a mountain.

So Una followed the track and soon spied, walking slowly before her, a damzel who bore a pitcher of water on her shoulder.

Then Una called to the damzel, but she answered her not at all for she could neither hear nor speak, but seeing the lion she let fall her pitcher, and looking on Una was filled with amazement, for never before had she seen a gentle lady in that place.

And, presently, gazing again upon the lion, she was full of fear, and fled as though for her life, nor cast a look behind.

She fled so fast that before Una could come up with her she was at her home. Now this damzel dwelt with her old, blind mother in a cottage, and she came to her quaking with fear and clung to her with trembling hands, but, because she could not speak and her mother could not hear, neither

took counsel of the other, but both in deadly terror, closed the door.

Then came the lady and the lion, and when Una called and knocked and none answered her, the lion with his claws rent open the door. And they went in and found the mother and daughter together crouched in a darksome corner, where she told her beads and said her prayers, for it was her custom to say nine hundred *Paternosters* and two thousand and seven hundred *Aves* every day.

But now she had ceased from praying so great was her fear, and indeed it was pity to see her, for she was all worn with her penance and fasting, seeing that she ate no food and sat in ashes and clothed herself in sack-cloth, three times in every week.

Then Una spoke gently to her, and when she was somewhat recovered of her fear, begged food and shelter for the night both for herself and for her ass and the lion who followed her. And the old woman consented, though not willingly, but Una was weary and laid her down to sleep, and at her feet the lion kept watch.

But the night was too long for that unhappy lady to whom no sleep came, and with sighs and groans for the loss of her champion, she looked for dawn.

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And, before morning, there came a great knocking at the door, and the voice of one without cursing and swearing. And the old woman and her daughter made as if to rise and open to the new comer who was a wicked thief that came to them by night, bringing all the gold and embroideries and vestments he had stolen from churches; but the lion stood in the way and would not let them open.

Thus long the door with rage and threats he bet,
Yet of those fearful women none durst rise.
The lion frayed them, him in to let
He would no longer stay him to advise,

But open breaks the door in furious wise,
And entering is, when that disdainful beast,
Encountering fierce, him sudden doth surprise;
And, seizing cruel claws on trembling breast
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

Thus was that felon robber slain, and died there, none daring to save him.

And when morning was come, Una and the lion rose and continued their journey; but ever their quest was in vain.

IV

THE FALSE KNIGHT

It chanced that same day that Archimago in his pursuit of Una came to the cottage, and there he found the old, blind woman and her daughter, returning from following after Una with reviling cries because her lion had slain their robber who gave them wealth. And he enquired of them if they had seen her. Whereupon they broke forth anew, and spoke evil of the lady "that was the flower of faith and chastity" and told of all that had passed that night.

Then Archimago feigned great sorrow for the old dame's loss, and enquired where he might soonest find the lady. And they shewing him the way she had gone, he set forth to follow her.

Ere long he came where Una travelled slow,
And that wild champion waiting her beside;
Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show
Himself too nigh at hand, but turned wide
Unto an hill: from whence when she him spied,
By his like seeming shield her knight by name
She weened it was, and towards him gan ride:
Approaching nigh she wist [1] it was the same:
And with fair, fearful [2] humblesse towards him she came.

And she wept and besought him to tell her the reason why he had so long been far removed from her. Then that wicked Archimago, seeing that she believed him truly to be her own knight, replied with fair words of love. As for his absence—

[1] *wist* = thought.

[2] *fearful* was used in Spenser's time in its simple meaning, timid or full of fear.

sooth to say, why I left you so long,
Was for to seek adventure in strange place;
Where Archimago said a felon strong
To many knights did daily work disgrace;
But knight he now shall never more deface.

Whereupon Una was glad, and soon forgot all her past sorrow for joy that her knight stood before her once again.

And the false knight made a semblance of equal joy with hers, and forth they went together, discoursing by the way of all the perils she had endured. Moreover he enquired of her how she came by the lion, and she telling him, he marvelled greatly.

Now there was yet one of the three Paynim brothers abroad in the land. Sansloy was his name, and he bore that name in bloody letters on his shield; and, riding out that day, he saw Una and Archimago, and came towards them. Then being deceived by the enchanter's armour and the red cross on his shield, Sansloy, deeming he had now met the slayer of his brother, came fiercely on, and with his spear, bore Archimago down from his saddle to the ground, where he lay, a well of blood gushing from a great wound.

Then Sansloy dismounted from his steed, and drawing his sword made as if to slay him. And Una cried, begging for his life, but the cruel Paynim heeded not her piteous words and tore open his helmet, when, lo! there was no young knight but the grey head of old Archimago.

Sansloy was much amazed and said, "Why Archimago, luckless sire, what do I see?" for he was an old friend of that Enchanter. But Archimago lay in a deadly trance and answered naught, and thinking him dead Sansloy left him and turned to Una.

She was now in a piteous plight, being left in the power of the bold Paynim who catching hold of her white robe, pulled her from her palfrey the better to see her face. At this the lion was filled with kingly awe and high disdain, and fell with gaping jaws upon Sansloy's shield, striving with his claws to rend it away from him. But the Paynim was stout and strong and reft his shield from the lion and drew his sword.

O then, too weak and feeble was the force
Of savage beast his puissance to withstand;
For he was strong and of so mighty corse
As ever wielded spear in warlike hand,

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And feats of arms did wisely understand.
Eftsoons he piercèd through his chafed chest
With thrilling point of deadly iron brand,
And launched his lordly heart; with death oppress
He roared aloud, whiles life forsook his stubborn breast.

And now was poor Una indeed bereft of all aid, for the Paynim with foul reproaches and evil words bore her away before him on his courser, in spite of all her prayers and tears. And behind them followed the willing ass who had no thought to leave his mistress in misfortune.

V

THE PEOPLE OF THE WOOD

Now in that country there was a forest, very wild and pathless, where dwelt a great herd of Fauns and Satyrs. And these were an uncouth, rustic people that bore horns on their foreheads and had the legs of goats whose knees bent backwards. And they were clad in leaves and skins of beasts and ever they danced and made merry

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and played on pipes and reeds. And their king was old Sylvanus.

To this forest came Una, borne by the fierce Paynim who, seeing they were in that lonely place and that her Lion was slain, waxed yet more fierce and wicked, so that she threw out thrilling shrieks and made loud complaint to heaven. The people of the wood, hearing her voice in the midst of their merry-making, came all together "a rude misshapen, monstrous rabblement" to see what was amiss. And when the Paynim saw them he was greatly astonished, and, mounting his steed rode off in haste, leaving Una behind.

At first she was much dismayed by the uncouth people, but soon understanding from their voices and gesture that they meant her no harm, she took courage.

Then all those strange people knelt before her and kissed her feet and worshipped her with wonder and compassion of her beauty and her helpless state, and she, rising from the ground, went with them, they dancing and shouting and singing around her, and strewing her way with green branches.

Then one of them made a garland of olive with which they crowned her, and sounding their

merry pipes until the woods echoed and rang they led her to old Sylvanus, who, wakened by the noise, came forth to meet them. He was old and weak and leant on a staff of cypress, and his girdle was of ivy leaves.

When he beheld that lady, the flower of faith and excellent beauty, he stood long gazing at her, for he did not dream so fair a maid could be of mortal birth.

And while he stood there, lost in contemplation of her loveliness, there came the wood-nymphs, sometimes called Hamadryades, and the water-nymphs also, and they, seeing her beauty, were jealous and fled away, but the Satyrs forgot them utterly and henceforth thought none fair but Una only.

Glad of such luck, the luckless lucky maid
Did her content to please their feeble eyes;
And long time with that savage people staid,
To gather breath in many miseries.
During which time her gentle wit she plies
To teach them truth, which worshipped her in vain,
And made her the Image of Idolatries;
But when their bootless zeal she did restrain
From her own worship, they her Ass would worship fain.

VI

SATYRANE

There came on a day to the wood a warlike knight who had won himself much fame in many lands. And it is said of him that he was

Plain, faithful, true and enemy of shame,
And ever loved to fight for ladies' right;
But in vain glorious frays he little did delight.

He was something akin to the people of the wood being the son of a Satyr and of a noble lady who once had sojourned there. And he was a trusty and adventurous knight and of great renown in the world:

Yet evermore it was his manner fair,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repair,
To see his sire and offspring ancient.
And now he hither came for like intent;
Where he, unwares, the fairest Una found,
Strange Lady, in so strange habiliment,

Teaching the Satyrs which her sat around,
True sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did
redound.

And he wondered much at her wisdom, at her words which were wiser than the words of any woman he had ever heard speak. And he abode a space in the forest with his kinsfolk and was in the company of Una many days.

And when he had heard the tale of all her sorrows he marvelled greatly, and she taught him many things.

His name was Sir Satyrane, and he told her of his childhood: how he had been nurtured by his father amongst wild beasts in the wood, and taught to banish fear. For his father would force him to put his little hands on the lion and the bear and make him ride on wild and roaring bulls, and so fleet of foot he grew that he could overtake a running roebuck, and there was no beast in the forest but feared him.

His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woods, to see her little son;
And chanced unwares to meet him in the way,
After his sports and cruel pastime done;

When after him a Lioness did run,
That roaring all with rage did loud requere [1]
Her children dear, whom he away had won:
The Lion's whelps she saw how he did bear,
And lulled in rugged arms withouten childish fear.

And his mother was afraid when she saw her son thus provoke the savage beasts and begged of him that he would find other employment. After a time he went from the forest and was taught knightly wisdom and the use of arms, and thus became famous throughout Faeryland.

But Una, though she took pleasure in his company and often held speech with him, could never cease from thought of the Red Cross Knight, and one day she told Satyrane her grief.

And he, willing to gain her favour, and glad to do her service, set about in his mind to devise how best he and she might escape from the people of the wood.

[1] *Requere* = demand, reclaim.

VII

THE ESCAPE

One day, when all the people of the wood were gone to do service to Sylvanus, and Una was left unattended, Sir Satyrane saddled her ass, and she mounting thereon was led away by him from the wood and from the Satyrs and Fauns and Nymphs for ever.

And, coming to the plain, they journeyed on together until a short while before nightfall, when they perceived a weary traveller walking on before them. Him they thought to overtake that they might ask news of the country and of the Red Cross Knight. When that same wayfarer took note of their intent, he made as if to avoid them, but they, passing swiftly on stopped him. He seemed a simple pilgrim.

A silly man, in simple weeds forworn,
And soiled with dust of the long dried way;
His sandals were with toilsome travel torn
And face all tanned with scorching sunny ray,
As he had travelled many a summer's day
Through boiling sands of Araby and Ind;
And in his hand a Jacob's staff to stay

His weary limbs upon: and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

But truly he was none other than Archimago whom Una believed dead, slain by Sansfoy, for he had recovered himself of his wounds by his magic art, and was now, in this new disguise, seeking how further to trouble and annoy that gentle lady.

Sir Satyrane first enquired news of wars and adventures, but he had heard of none. Then Una asked him of her Red Cross Knight, and he replied that he had seen that goodly Knight both living and eke dead.

At this news Una was overcome with grief, but the Pilgrim had a tale to tell and she must needs hear how he had seen the Red Cross Knight in mortal combat with the Paynim by whom in the end he was slain.

"Ah! dearest Lord," quoth she, "how might that be,
And he the stoutest knight that ever won?"
"Ah! dearest dame," quoth he, "how might I see
The thing that might not be, and yet was done?"
"Where is," said Satyrane, "that Paynim's son,
That him of life and us of joy hath reft?"

"Not far away," quoth he, "he hence doth wonne,[1]
Forby[2] a fountain, where I late him left
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steel were cleft."

Therewith Sir Satyrane spurred his steed and rode swiftly to the place where he found the

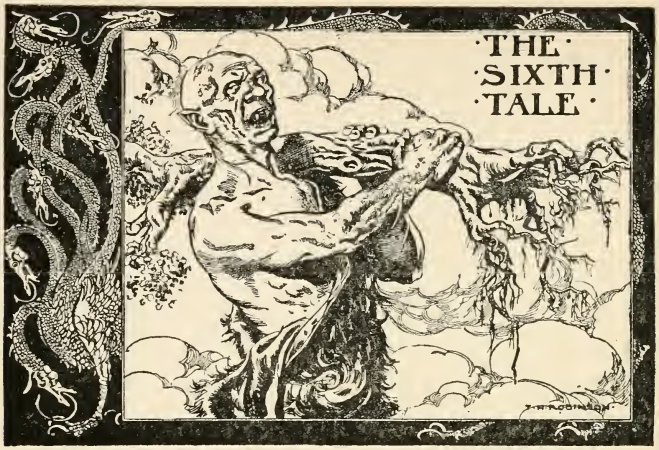
[1] *Wonne* = dwell or remain for a time.
[2] *Forby* = hard by; near.

Paynim resting in the shade near the side of a fountain, and Una followed more slowly on her ass.

Then Satyrane called to the Paynim, bidding him arise and do battle for the sake of the Red Cross Knight whom he had slain, and the Paynim made answer that he had done no such deed, upon which they fell to thundering blows and fierce assailment of each other. Then, lo! in the midst of the battle came Una, led to that place by the noise of their fighting, seeing whom the Paynim ceased from the assault of his adversary and turned to pursue the Lady. She, sore afraid, fled from him, and Sir Satyrane intercepting him, the two again fell to their battle.

But that old Pilgrim, Archimago, had watched all these things, hidden in a secret place, and when he saw Una's plight he came forth and followed after her.

In hope to bring her to her last decay.



Of Orgoglio and the monstrous Beast

I

THE ENCHANTED FOUNTAIN

THERE was, not far from the House of Pride a pleasant fountain which bubbled up from the ground in a cool, shady place beneath some overhanging trees.

And the leaves of the trees cast down dancing shadows in the water, and above the sound of the fountain did birds sing most sweetly. And with the beauty of the place travellers were enticed

to stay and seek rest and refreshment beside that spring.

But they who did so were in an evil plight, for its waters were enchanted. For it so happened that on a certain day the nymph who was wont to dwell in that fountain went a hunting with Diana the Moon-Goddess in the wood. And the day being hot and the chase long she grew faint and weary, and the hunt chancing to pass near by her fountain, she sat down to rest there, whereat the Goddess was angered and cast a spell on the fountain, that whosoever should drink its waters should straightway become faint and feeble and lose his strength for a time.

And Duessa knew of this fountain and of the spell; therefore when she had found the knight fled from the House of Pride and following after him saw him lighted down from his steed, resting in the shade beside the enchanted water she was greatly rejoiced.

He feeds upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweaty forehead in the breathing wind,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently plays,
Wherein the cheerful birds of sundry kind

Do chant sweet music to delight his mind.
The witch approaching gan him fairly greet,
And with reproach of carelessness unkind
Upbraid, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With foul words tempering fair, sour gall with honey sweet.

And so they forgave each other and sat there in the shade discoursing pleasantly together. Then the knight doffed his armour and bathed his face in the well, and drank of the waters, for he knew nothing of their power, nor did the witch tell him. And presently he felt a weariness in his limbs and laid him on the grass, and Duessa was glad, for she knew that his strength had left him.

II

ORGOGOLIO

How long the Red Cross Knight lay there in drowsy ease he knew not, when suddenly he was awakened by a dreadful sound.

Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound.
That all the earth for terror seemed to shake,
And trees did tremble.

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The knight, starting up at the sound, sought for his weapons which were not near at hand, and before he could attain to them he was made aware of the most fearsome sight. For towards him came

An hideous Giant, horrible and high,
That with his tallness seemed to threat the sky.

He was taller than three tall men together, and as he walked the very ground shook under him as if in fear. In his hand he bore a shaggy oak which he had torn up by the roots, and with it he struck down all men whom he found in his path, and such was his strength and his pride that he scorned all knighthood.

Orgogolio was his name, and his father was Æolus the wind-god.

When he saw the Red Cross Knight all unarmed and defenceless, he rushed at him with his huge club uplifted and struck a blow

That could have overthrown a stony tower;

and if heaven had not aided him the knight would have been crushed to powder; but he leapt aside and so saved his life. Yet the wind which that great tree made in passing through the air was so strong that it blew him over, and

he lay senseless on the ground from the force of the blast, him whom the blow had not touched.

As when that devilish iron engine, wrought
In deepest Hell, and framed by Furies skill,
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
And rammed with bullet round, ordained to kill,
Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill
With thundering noise, and all the air doth choke,
That none can breathe, nor see, nor hear at will,
Through smouldry clouds of duskish stinking smoke;
That the only breath him daunts, who hath escaped the stroke.[1]

Even so, as by a cannon, was the knight laid low.

When Orgoglio saw him thus senseless he raised his club once again, thinking to destroy him utterly, but Duessa cried out to him by name, bidding him spare the knight's life and make him his eternal bondslave. The giant listened to her words, and, seeing how fair and goodly a dame it was who thus spoke to him, he asked her if she would now be his Lady, seeing he had overthrown her former lover.

[1] Gunpowder was still somewhat new and wonderful in Spenser's days.

She answered gladly that this was what she wished.

Then Orgoglio took up the lifeless body of the knight and ere he could awake out of his swoon, bare him to his castle.

And in a Dungeon deep threw him without remorse.

But the dwarf, remaining by the fountain where he had all that time watched the combat, now took his master's armour and his steed which was grazing hard by, and with them departed sorrowfully.

III

THE MONSTER

From that day forth Duessa was highly honoured in the haughty eye of Orgoglio. Gold and jewels she had, all that he could give, and a mantle of scarlet and purple. He gave her, moreover, a crown that was fashioned of three crowns together, so that it stood high on her head, and she was treated as a queen by all who came near her, according to the will of Orgoglio.

And willing further that she should be dreaded

of all men when she rode abroad, he prepared for her the strangest Palfrey that ever Lady had. For he had a noisome den in which for a long time he had kept a monstrous beast.

Have you heard of the Hydra which Alcides slew in the swamp by Argos? That was a terrible beast, for when the hero smote off its head, straightway there was another in its place; but this monster that Orgoglio possessed was far more hideous for he had seven ugly heads at once. His back was of brass, his breast of iron, and his blood-stained eyes shone like glass.

Never was there seen so long a tail, for he could stretch it out that it reached to the sky, and by the aid of wicked enchantment could take the very stars themselves and bring them down to earth. Then that fearful monster would cast the stolen stars on the ground and trample upon them with his disdainful feet, as though the stars of heaven were nothing worth.

And on this dreadful beast Duessa rode forth by the will of Orgoglio who sought thus both to do her honour and to terrify the people of his country. And the beast, knowing what kind of evil witch was set on his back, obeyed her, and became her willing steed.

THE
SEVENTH
TALE
T.
H.
ROBINSON

How the Dwarf found Una, and of the Battle between Orgoglio and the Prince, and of the Unmasking of Duessa

I

THE MEETING

WE have seen how the dwarf, when he beheld the sad mischance that had ended the combat, took his master's mighty armour, his silver shield, and his piercing spear, and departed with them, to tell his heavy news. He had not travelled long before he met Una flying from the Paynim who was by this time in hot strife with Satyrane, and whether this one or that was victor I cannot tell, for the end of the battle is not writ in the old book.

When Una saw the mighty armour, the silver shield and the piercing spear, she knew right well that evil had befallen the Red Cross Knight, and forthwith she fell to the ground in a deadly swoon. The dwarf, seeing her grief, would fain have died, so heavy was his heart, but, taking courage, he

began to rub her temples and to chafe her limbs until her life returned to her again. But when she saw the empty armour lying on the ground beside her, she broke into great sorrow and prayed that she might die, that her eyes might no longer behold woe and vanity. Thrice did she fall into a swoon, and thrice did the sorrowful dwarf revive her. At the third time she bade the dwarf tell his woeful tale. " For," said she,

" Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spite,
And thrilling sorrow thrown his utmost dart:
Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heavy plight
Than that I feel, and harbour in my heart:
Who hath endured the whole can bear each part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound
That launched [1] hath my breast with bleeding smart.
Begin and end the bitter baleful stound; [2]
If less than that I fear, more favour I have found."

Then the dwarf told her all that had chanced since Archimago, by his wicked wiles, had parted them the one from the other. Great was her pain to learn of the evil plight of her champion, and she

[1] Pierced. [2] The sad moment.

arose from that place resolving to find him, alive or dead.

High over hills, and low adown the dale
She wandered many a wood, and measured many a vale.

II

THE STRANGER

Having wandered thus many days, following the way as the dwarf directed her, she, by good fortune, met a knight and his squire.

This knight was arrayed in glittering armour which shone like the sun, so that they saw him while he was yet far off.

When he drew near, they perceived athwart his breast a baldrick [1] on which were many jewels, twinkling like stars.

And in the midst thereof one precious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shaped like a lady's head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus [2] amongst the lesser lights,

[1] *baldrick* = a richly ornamented shoulder belt.
[2] *Hesperus* = the evening star.

And strove for to amaze the weaker sights;
Thereby his mortal blade full comely hung
In ivory sheath y-carved with curious slights,[1]
Whose hilts were burnished gold, and handle strong
Of mother pearl; and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughty helmet, horrid[2] all with gold,
Both glorious brightness and great terror bred;
For all the crest a dragon did enfold
With greedy paws, and over all did spread
His golden wings; his dreadful hideous head,
Closed couched on the bever[3] seemed to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery red,
That sudden horror to faint hearts did show;
And scaly tail was stretcht adown his back full low.

Upon the top of all his haughty crest,
A bunch of hairs discoloured diversly,
With sprinkled pearl and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemed to dance for jollity;
Like to an almond tree y-mounted high

[1] *slights* = devices. [2] *horrid* = bristling.
[3] *Bever* = the visor or front-piece of the helmet which covers the face.

On top of green Selinis[1] all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little breath that under Heaven is blown.

His warlike shield all closely covered was,
Nor might of mortal eye be ever seen;
Not made of steel nor of enduring brass,
Such earthly metals soon consumed been,
But all of Diamond, perfect, pure and clean
It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hewen out of Adamant rock with engines keen,
That point of spear it never piercen could,
Nor dint of direful sword divide the substance would.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequal armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray
For so exceeding shone his glistering ray,
That Phœbus[2] golden face it did attaint,[3]
As when a cloud his beams doth overlay;

[1] *Selinis* = a mountain in Sicily, called usually Selinus.

[2] *Phœbus.* The sun.

[3] *That Phœbus golden face it did attaint.* It made the very sunlight look dull.

And silver Cynthia [1] is waxed pale and faint,
As when her face is stained with magic arts constraint.

But magic arts and enchanter's spells were of no avail before that wondrous shield, the sight of which destroyed all false seeming, and by which its owner could, when he so pleased, turn men to stones, and stones to dust, and smite proud eyes blind. Nor is this wonderful or past belief, for the shield was fashioned by none other but by Merlin himself, that great wizard who excelled all men living in wisdom and magic. He it was who fashioned the sword also and the armour of this young Prince when first he grew strong enough to bear arms, and when he died the Faery Queen took them to Faeryland where they may be seen to this day by those who seek them there.

III

THE CASTLE

The stranger seeing a lady in so great grief, approached and enquired of her the cause. Then she told him all her sad tale; how she was a royal

[1] *Cynthia.* The moon.

princess, how her parents both were besieged by a fierce dragon, how no mortal knight had ever lived that had gone to do battle with him, how all her hope was in the Red Cross Knight who was of Elfin race, and whom, moreover, she loved dearly, and how, by the enchantments of Duessa and the wickedness of Archimago, he had been first parted from her, and lastly now cast into the power of Orgoglio.

Before her piteous tale was ended she began to faint once more, but the stranger who was a mighty Prince (and we shall hear more of him anon), bade her be of good cheer for he would not leave her until himself had delivered her captive knight from the hand of Orgoglio.

So they travelled on together until they came to a strong and high castle, which the Dwarf said, was the Castle of Orgoglio where his lord and master lay; and the Prince, alighting from his steed, marched forward to the walls of that Castle, followed by his Squire. But the gates were fast shut, and there was no living wight there to answer when they called. Now the Squire had hanging at his belt a little bugle horn on a gold twisted cord with gay tassels, and the horn was truly wondrous and no common thing.

Was never wight, that heard that shrilling sound,
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine;

Three miles it might be easy heard around,
And echos three answered itself again:
No false enchantment, nor deceitful train,

Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vain;
No gate so strong, no lock so firm and fast,
But with that piercing noise flew open quite, or brast.

The squire took the horn from his belt and blew a blast. The Castle quaked to its foundations when that blast was heard, and at the sound, not only the gate itself but also every door in the house flew open.

At this Orgoglio, who was making merry with Duessa in an inner bower, came rushing forth. His face was angry and his eyes stared with astonishment when he beheld the Prince and his Squire. Soon after followed Duessa. She had stayed to mount upon her monstrous beast, who came on in anger with a fiery tongue flaming out of each of his seven mouths, and each of his seven crests erect and bristling.

IV

THE BATTLE

When the Prince saw Orgoglio and Duessa and eke the monstrous beast, he knew that the moment of battle was come, and taking his shield

on his arm he drew his sword and flew at his enemy.

Therewith the giant buckled him to fight,
Inflam'd with scornful wrath and high disdain,
And lifting up his dreadful club on high,
All armed with ragged snubbes and knotty grain,
Him thought at first encounter to have slain.

But the Prince was wary, and leaping lightly aside avoided the blow so that it fell on the ground, and such was the force of the Giant's arm, and the weight of his huge club, that the dint made in the earth where it fell was a furrow three yards deep, and there was a trembling as of an earthquake.

And it was no light matter for the giant to pluck his club from the ground again, so deeply was it buried there, and while he strove to draw it from the clay, the Prince smote off his left arm which fell like a block, while huge streams of blood gushed forth from the wound.

Then Orgoglio bellowed loudly as a roaring bull, and Duessa hearing him came forward on her dreadful beast, who ramped as he came, and waved his seven heads like seven brands.

At this the Squire drew his sword and stood in the beast's pathway that he might do no hurt to his lord the Prince, and Duessa, waxing yet more angry that so young and so untried a man should dare oppose her, drove on her purple beast with all her might, that he should trample the Squire underfoot. But the Squire was in no wise minded to yield her passage, and then did he strike most outrageous blows at the beast and with his body barred the way.

Then Duessa took her golden cup which ever she carried with her, and in it there was magic wine of her own distilling, and whoever drank of it, death and despair was his portion. And saying a charm, she sprinkled some of it lightly over that young Squire, who suddenly grew faint, and fell down before the cruel beast. The beast seized him with his paws, and the youth had neither the will nor the power to resist him.

But the Prince perceiving this, left Orgoglio and turned him to the beast, for he loved his Squire dearly, and lifting high his blade he struck at one of the beast's seven heads and cleft it to the teeth, and the blood from the wound stained Duessa's gay garments and was ankle-deep on the ground where the Prince stood.

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L

Then the beast roared aloud for exceeding pain, and lashed the air with his tail, insomuch that Duessa had fallen from her seat on his back but that Orgoglio succoured her. Then came Orgoglio full of great rage to the Prince again, and all the force of both arms was now in the one arm that remained to him.

Now also his club was free from the earth where he had embedded it, and raising it once more, he brought it down right on the Prince's shield. This time the blow fell where its aim was and the Prince was stricken to the ground.

But the blow had smitten away the veil from the diamond shield, which during all that fight had covered it, and now its blazing brightness passing that of the sun, streamed forth, and thereby was the giant amazed, and let his club fall harmless to his side. The beast also, beholding the light fell to the ground and Duessa in terror cried out "Oh help, Orgoglio, else we perish all."

Whereupon the giant made yet another trial of his strength, but in vain, for the sight of that bright shield had undone him. Then the Prince, recovering from his fall, struck at him with his sparkling sword and smote off his right leg from the knee.

Then fell the giant like a tree that the lightning has rent, or like some high and lofty castle, which, undermined in her foundations by a subtle foe, at last falls in ruin, the greater that her walls are tall and strong.

The Prince, leaping on his fallen enemy, smote off his head, and lo,

That huge great body, which the giant bore,
Was vanished quite; and of that monstrous mass
Was nothing left, but like an empty bladder was.

Duessa, seeing the death of Orgoglio, cast away her cup and her triple crown and fled away. But the light-footed Squire, pursuing after her, forced her to stay and brought her back to the Prince.

Then came Una who all this time had watched the battle from afar, and gave the Prince great praise and thankfulness, bewailing her lot that she was too poor to reward him, and entreating him by no means to let Duessa escape, for she was her dear knight's deadly foe.

V

THE DELIVERANCE

And as they were talking they heard a cry from far within the castle, coming as it were from a deep dungeon, and Una knew the voice that it was the Red Cross Knight's, and she besought the Prince to seek him, for she said,

"How piteous he to you for aid does call!"

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squire,
That scarlet witch to keepen carefully:
While he himself with greedy great desire
Into the castle entered forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espy.
Then gan he loudly through the house to call;
But no man cared to answer to his cry.
There reigned a solemn silence over all,
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seen in bower or hall.

At last there came forth an old, old man, with a snow-white beard, who leaned on a staff, and crept warily to and fro, for he had long been blind. On his arm he bore a bunch of keys, but they were all so rusty from lack of use that he

could unlock no door with them, though he still kept them with great care. It was strange to see the manner of his going, for as he walked forward his old and wrinkled face was turned as though he

looked behind him. This old man was Orgoglio's foster father, and the keeper of the Castle, by name Ignaro.

The Prince, paying all due honour to his great age and his white hair and beard, asked gently where all the people of that stately dwelling had hidden themselves. "I cannot tell," replied Ignaro, in a low voice.

"Then," said the Prince, "canst thou tell me, venerable Ignaro, where I may find that same knight whom great Orgoglio lately made captive?"

And again Ignaro answered, "I cannot tell."

"Canst thou then direct me which way to pass," asked the Prince.

But Ignaro only answered, "I cannot tell."

Upon this the Prince waxed angry, and reproved the old man, bidding him understand that mockery suited ill with grey hairs, and asking him for a plain answer to his questions.

And still Ignaro's answer was "I cannot tell."

Then the Prince understood that the old man was in his dotage, and taking the keys from him, all rusty as they were, he tried the doors around him, and lo, they opened easily.

Into many rooms and bowers he went, and therein found much treasure. They were hung with royal arras, and furnished with splendour, but on the floor in one were many murdered innocent babes, and in another a carven altar of marble stood, whereon Orgoglio had slain holy and reverent men. But no living wight did he see in all those rooms.

At last he came to a little iron door, to which there was no key at all amongst all on that bunch,

but in the door there was a grating, and through this the Prince called in a loud voice, shouting with all his power to know if anyone were there imprisoned that he might set him free:

Therewith a hollow, dreary, murmuring voice
These piteous plaints and dolours did resound:
"O! who is that, that brings me happy choice
Of death, that here lie dying every stound,
Yet live perforce in baleful darkness bound?
For now three moons have changed thrice their hue,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the heavens cheerful face did view.
O! welcome thou, that doth of death bring tidings true."

When the Prince heard these words his heart was thrilled with pity, and he trembled with horror at the plight of the prisoner within, so that his rage caused him to break the iron door open with his hands, and thus to enter. But within there was no floor, all was a dark and noisome pit, from which arose a baleful stench. But neither the darkness, nor the bands which were placed across the way, could stay the Prince, and bending down, he caught, after long pains and

labour, the feeble pined body of the Red Cross Knight, who lacked the strength to stand upright himself. And when the Prince had lifted him from that dungeon he beheld a rueful and ghastly spectacle.

His sad dull eyes, deep sunk in hollow pits,
Could not endure the unwonted sun to view;
His bare thin cheeks for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their due,
Could make a stony heart his hap to rue:
His rawbone arms, whose mighty brawned bowers
Were wont to rive steel plates and helmets hew,
Were clean consumed; and all his vital powers
Decayed and all his flesh shrunk up like withered flowers.

VI

THE UNMASKING

When Una saw her knight once more she was wellnigh distraught between sorrow for his sufferings and joy that at last she had recovered him alive; and when she had wept and rejoiced over him a season and enquired of him how he came to this state, the Prince bade her cease, for

the knight himself had no desire to speak of his griefs and needed relief from his present famine ere he could tell the tale of his misfortune.

" Fair Lady," then said the victorious Knight,
" The things which grievous were to do or bear,
Then to renew, I wot, breeds no delight;
Best music breeds dislike in loathing ear:
But the only good that grows of passed fear
Is to be wise, and ware, and ware of like again.
This day's ensample hath this lesson dear
Deep written in my heart with iron pen,
That bliss may not abide in state of mortal men.

Then when the knight was somewhat recovered, they asked him what was his pleasure concerning Duessa, for it lay in his will to let her live or die.

And Una said that it were shame to slay so weak an enemy, and counselled the knight that he should cause her to be despoiled of all her scarlet and gold and allowed to flee away.

So Duessa, who all this time had been held in durance by the Squire, was brought before them and they took away all her gorgeous apparel.

Then when these things were stripped from her she appeared before them an old, wrinkled hag, loathly and misshapen, so foul and fearsome that

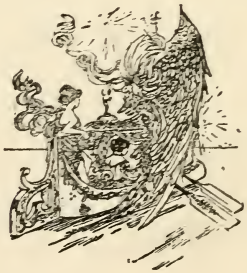
I cannot tell half her ugliness. Her crafty head was altogether bald, her wrizled skin as rough as maple rind. She had no teeth and, strange sight, she had a tail like a fox. One of her feet was like the claw of an eagle, with "gripping talons

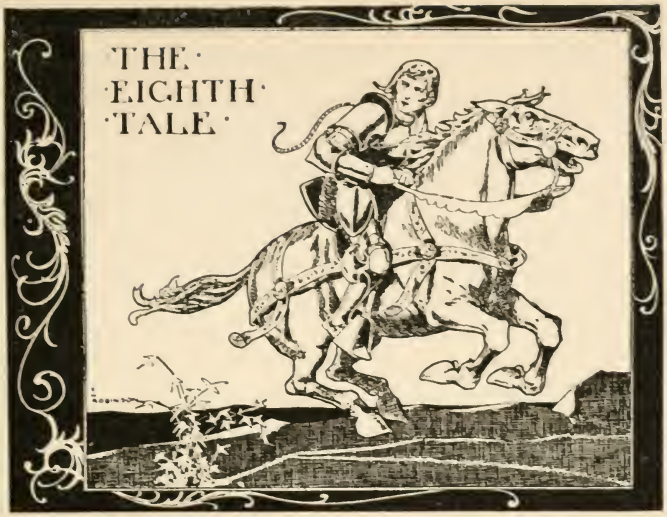
armed to greedy fight": and the other like the paw of a bear.

Much they marvelled at her ugliness and when they had quite disrobed her they let her go her way.

She flying fast from heavens hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wide,

Fled to the wasteful wilderness apace,
From living eyes her open shame to hide,
And lurked in rocks and caves, long unespied.
But that fair crew of knights and Una fair,
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest themselves, and weary powers repair;
Where store they found of all that dainty was and rare.





Of Prince Arthur and of the Adventure of Sir Trevisan

I

THE PARTING

THE Prince with Una and her knight and the Squire and the faithful dwarf abode together in the castle of Orgoglio until such time as the Red Cross Knight had waxed strong enough to undertake his journey anew.

And, on a certain day they caused their steeds

to be saddled and each set forth on his several journey.

But before they parted company, Una desired of the Prince that he should shew them his name and lineage which were hidden from them, and that they might further know of his adventures, and this he told them most willingly.

THE TALE

"Fair Virgin," said the Prince, "you ask a thing that is beyond my power; for to say truth my father's name and the place of my birth are hidden from me; for no sooner was I born than I was taken from my mother and given to a Faery Knight who taught me all that pertains to gentleness and knighthood.

"This Knight was old Timon whose dwelling is in a low valley by the river Dee; and thither came Merlin, the great enchanter, whose charge it was to overlook my growth and learning, and oftentimes I asked him of my birth, but he would make no answer save that I was called Arthur and was son and heir to a king whose name and state I should know in due time.

"Then, when I had grown to man's estate, and

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learned the use of arms, it chanced on a day that I ranged the forest on my courser, until being weary with long riding, I lay down on the green grass with my helmet for pillow. And soon I slept soundly.

"Then in my dreams it seemed that a Royal Maiden more fair than any the sun ever looked on yet came to me.

"Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and bad me love her dear;
For dearly sure her love was to me bent,
As when just time expirèd, should appear.
But whether dreams delude or true it were,
Was never heart so ravished with delight,
Nor living man like words did ever hear,
As she to me delivered all that night;
And at her parting said, the Queen of Fairies hight.

"When I awoke and found her place devoid,
And naught but pressèd grass where she had lien
I sorrowed all so much as erst I joyed,
And washed all her place with watery eyen.
From that day forth I loved that face divine;
From that day forth I cast in careful mind,
To seek her out with labour and long tyne,

And never vowed to rest till her I find:
Nine months I seek in vain, yet ni'll[1] that vow unbind."

As the prince told his tale his face waxed pale with the force of his passion, and Una comforted him, praising his prowess and saying that the Queen of Fairies was happy in choosing to love a Prince so worthy of her favour.

And in his turn the Red Cross Knight rejoiced that the Prince who had delivered him should be beloved of the great Queen whom he was bound to serve.

Talking of these things they journeyed still sometime together, and at last parted with many pledges of friendship spoken with right hands joined. They gave each other gifts for remembrance.

Prince Arthur gave a box of diamond sure,
Embowed with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closed few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and virtue excellent,
That any wound could heal incontinent.
Which to requite, the Red Cross Knight him gave
A book, wherein his Saviour's testament
Was writ with golden letters rich and brave:
A work of wondrous grace, and able souls to save.

[1] ni'll, ne will, *i.e.* will not.

Then they went their several ways, Prince Arthur to seek his love the great Gloriana, and the Red Cross Knight with Una, following the road that led to where the dragon still held her parents captive.

II

SIR TREVISAN

As they travelled Una saw that her knight was still weary and wasted from his long captivity in the dungeon of Orgoglio, and she wished to make some stay that he might more perfectly recover his strength before he came to battle with that dread monster, and as they took counsel together of this they saw an armed knight in the way. He galloped fast towards them as though he fled from a foe or some other grisly thing, and ever cast looks of dread behind.

His steed went swiftly as he were a son of Pegasus the winged horse and could tread on air and fly with wings.

As he drew near they saw that his helmet was gone but that he bore no wound, only he was pale with fear as though no drop of blood were in all his limbs, and his hair was all dishevelled and

stood up stiff on his head as with terror and dismay. Round his neck he wore an hempen rope ill agreeing with his shining armour, and a foul reproach to knighthood, but he rode with no memory or of the rope or of his arms.

The Red Cross Knight sped fast to him, and with force stayed him, enquiring who it was that had put him into so great a fear and caused him to fly in that fashion.

He answered not at all; but adding new
Fear to his first amazement, staring wide
With stony eyes and heartless, hollow hue,
Astonished stood, as one that had aspide
Infernal furies with their chains untied.
Him yet again and yet again bespake
The gentle knight, who naught to him replied
But trembling every joint, did inly quake,
And faltring tongue, at last, these words seemed forth to shake.

"For God's dear love, Sir Knight, do not stop me but let me fly, for he comes fast behind," and looking backwards once more he would have pressed on, but the Red Cross Knight forced him to stay and tell freely the cause of his fear.

At last the poor trembler broke silence suddenly and spoke and told his tale.

"I am," said he, "Sir Trevisan, that lately kept company with Sir Terwin who was a knight both bold and free in all his ways. But in one thing he was not happy, in that he loved a lady who loved him again but little, for she was proud and cruel and joyed to see her lover lament and suffer because of her hardness. And one day as we returned from her and he was sad and comfortless, we met in the way that villain, that cursed wight from whom God deliver you, who is the cause of my present fear. He, creeping close to us like a snake, enquired of our state and of our knightly deeds, and soon learning our sadness and grief, began with soft words to counsel us to put an end to our lives which were so unhappy. Then to Sir Terwin he gave a rusty knife, and to me the rope which now you see around my neck.

With which sad instrument of hasty death,
That woeful lover, loathing longer light,
A wide way made to let forth living breath.
But I, more fearful or more lucky wight,
Dismayed with that deformed dismal sight,
Fled fast away, half dead with dying fear;

Then the Red Cross Knight bade Sir Trevisan lead him to that wicked man that he might hear his words and prove them false; and Sir Trevisan, most unwillingly, consented to return with him to the abode of the tempter from whom he had fled.

"But," said he, "neither for gold nor for glee will I abide there with you when once we see the place, for I would rather die outright than ever more see the face of that same villain.

III

THE CAVE

Ere long they came to a low hollow cave beneath a craggy cliff. Dark and dreary it was like a deep grave that still gapes wide for carcases, and above the entrance dwelt a ghastly owl, who never departed thence, but shrieking his baleful note drove all cheerful fowl away.

And all about it wandering ghosts did wail and howl.

Then Sir Trevisan, having shewn them the place, turned and would have ridden away, but

Una and the Red Cross Knight withheld him, and together they approached nearer.

Around the place stood old stocks and stubs of trees whereon no fruit or any green leaf grew, and on these the carcases of many luckless men

had been hanged, and now their bones were scattered on the grass or thrown about the cliff.

Entering the cave they found its master sitting on the ground and musing sadly. His long hair hung in disorder about his shoulders and partly hid his face, yet could they see his dull and hollow eyes, his rawbone cheeks and shrunken jaw. He was clothed in a garment made of

many rags and these were pinned together with thorns and patched. Beside him on the ground lay the body of Sir Terwin, the rusty knife yet sticking in his wound, his blood still warm where it had flowed forth.

The Red Cross Knight burned to avenge the piteous corse, and he spoke to the old villain, bidding him say why, having wrought this evil, he did not likewise shed his own blood.

Then that old man made answer that Sir Terwin both desired and deserved death. For his was life unhappy and his deeds were oft-times sinful.

"Moreover," he said, "who art thou to deny him the ease he hath now found, thou who art still toiling and suffering in thine own miserable lot? As for him:

He there does now enjoy eternal rest
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little pain the passage have,
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not short pain well born that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.

The knight, much wondering at the old man's speech, began to reason with him, saying that the soldier must not leave his post until his captain bids him, for

> he that points the sentinel his room
> Doth license him depart at sound of morning doom.

IV

THE TEMPTATION

But that wicked and crafty old man desired nothing better than that the Red Cross Knight should reason with him; for in false reasoning he was well skilled and by it had brought all those men to destruction. Therefore he spoke on, reminding him that he had left the paths of virtue, believing evil of Una, and had strayed with Duessa in the House of Pride and by the Fountain of Sloth. And in the end he had fallen into the hand of Orgoglio who wrought in him such weakness and misery as even now was not overpast. For said that evil man:

> "he that once hath missed the right way,
> The further he doth go, the further he doth stray.

And for all these reasons he counselled him to bethink himself how little worthy he was of life and how much better was death.

The knight being already weak and frail from his past sufferings began to waver, whereupon the old man showed him a terrible picture of souls in pain which wrought in him such terror that he was quite dismayed. Seeing this that old man brought him swords, ropes, poison, and fire, bidding him choose which way he would die.

But, when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharp and keen,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leaf of aspen green,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seen
To come and go with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been.
At last resolved to work his final smart,
He lifted up his hand, that back again did start.

And when Una saw this she was ready to faint, but with a great effort she revived, and running to him snatched the cursed knife from his hand and threw it to the ground, bidding him not be faint-hearted and asking him:

What meanest thou by this reproachful strife!
Is this the battle which thou vaunt'st to fight
With that foul-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?

Then the Red Cross Knight was ashamed; and throwing away his dagger got him to horse, and with Una rode away from that foul and loathsome cave.

But the old man, in great rage at the knight's escape, took one of the ropes which he used for his victims, and therewith hanged himself. Nevertheless he could not compass his own death by that means though he tried a thousand times.

Of the House of Holiness

I

THE ARRIVAL

NOT far away from the darksome cave there was an ancient house of fair renown. Its mistress was Dame Celia, who was the mother of three daughters called Fidelia, Speranza and Charissa, and all their joy was in helping helpless souls and giving relief to the poor.

And to this house Una brought her knight, hoping that there he might find rest for his body and his soul, the one worn by the cruelty of

Orgoglio, the other tormented by the craft of the old Man of the Cave.

The door of the house was locked when they came to it, for there were many enemies and wicked men who might enter and do harm to that household; but when Una had knocked, straightway the door was opened by the porter. He was a man, aged and feeble, with hair of hoary grey, who leaned as he walked, upon his staff. His name was Humilta.

And the doorway was so low and narrow that they must needs stoop and bend to enter, but when at last they had won through that difficult way, they beheld a spacious and very pleasant court where a fair and gracious man received them, whose speech and behaviour were gentle and courteous, and who made them welcome. He with much lively zeal did guide them to a hall, where they were received by a gentle and modest squire who was clad in comely, sad garments. He made them fair speeches but simple, with no nicety, as became a squire who received a noble princess and a valiant knight. Him they followed to the room where dwelt Dame Celia.

II

THE DAME AND HER DAUGHTERS

Dame Celia was a comely matron, sage and aged, and she was busy at her beads when Una and the knight came to her. But, her beads being at last all told, she arose, and seeing Una she embraced her with great joy for she knew her parentage and her adventure, and her heart swelled within her, for joy to see her and for pity of her state. And she asked her many questions of the cause of her coming, whether it were by chance or by design; seeing the Red Cross Knight she was much astonished and said:

"Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place; or any other wight,
That hither turns his steps. So few there be
That choose the narrow path or seek the right:
All keep the broad highway, and take delight
With many other for to go astray,
And be partakers of their evil plight,
Then with a few to walk the rightest way;
O foolish men, why haste ye to your own decay?"

Then Una told the reason of their coming, how she herself desired to see the Dame and to present to her the knight who had heard of her renown which was blazed abroad in the land. And Dame Celia greeted the knight kindly and offered them both goodly and bounteous entertainment.

While they were yet discoursing together, lo! two most beauteous maidens came to them.

They walked with linked arms and modest faces, pacing together with equal steps. The elder of the two, that Fidelia hight,

Like sunny beams threw from her christal face
That could have dazed the rash beholder's sight,
And round about her head did shine like heaven's light.

She was arrayed all in lily white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water filled up to the height,
In which a serpent did himself enfold,
That horror made to all that did behold;
But she no whit did change her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A book, that was both signed and sealed with blood;
Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be understood.

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blue, that her beseemed well;
Not all so cheerful seemed she of sight,
As was her sister: whether dread did dwell
Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell.
Upon her arm a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leanèd ever as befel;
And ever up to heaven, as she did pray
Her steadfast eyes were bent, nor swervèd other way.

The sisters, seeing Una, came to her with many and kind words of greeting, and she presenting to them the Red Cross Knight, they all fell to pleasant and seemly discourse.

Then Una asked for the youngest sister, the fair Charissa who was not yet come, and they replied that she was kept by the care of her many children of whom the latest born was still a young infant.

And anon Dame Celia called a young man-servant and bade him lead the Red Cross Knight to the bower that had been prepared for him and ease him from his armour. And Una also was taken to her bed, and they both did rest and refresh themselves till morning.

III

THE SCHOOLHOUSE

The next day Una asked of Fidelia that she would take the Red Cross Knight into her schoolhouse for a season that he might taste of her wisdom and hear her learned words. And the maiden taking that knight into her favour taught him many things, and by her wisdom opened the eyes of his understanding so that he was able to read even her own most precious and sacred book that none might open unless she herself first had taught him. And truly it was a wonder to hear her speech, for she could, by her words alone, slay and bring to life again the hearts of those who heard her. When she was minded to show her power she could stay the Sun in his way across the sky; she could put fear into a great host of men; she could make a dry pathway through the sea; she could move huge mountains from their place, so great was her power.

But the knight having learnt so many marvellous things from Fidelia began to hold the world and his own sinful life in great abhorrence, and his soul was thereby much dismayed. Therefore Speranza came to him and bade him lay hold of

her silver anchor which had power to comfort those whom, by the lore of Fidelia, had grown to hate the world. But this availed nothing, and Una, beholding his sadness, came to Dame Celia and declared the matter. The Dame hearing this sent for a doctor who had great insight into the disease of mind which now beset the knight, and knew best how it might be cured.

Then the doctor, taking the Red Cross Knight, enquired of him closely all that caused his misery, and gave him salves and medicines which eased him for a time. But soon there came to light an inward sore which could not by those means be healed, and the doctor took the Red Cross Knight to a dark and lonely place where he might by fasting and solitude subdue his complaint. There he dwelt among ashes, and his garments were of sackcloth and his food was bitter and scanty. And to him every day there came one who seared his wounds with hot iron, and another who scourged him with a whip, and yet a third who bathed his limbs in bitter brine.

Great was his torment, and no less great was Una's grief to know his pain, but in a short space, by these means, he was cured of his sickness and came forth renewed in body and mind.

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IV

CHARISSA

Then Una, having received again her knight with much joy, brought him to Charissa, who was now able to entertain them. She was a woman, young, and fair and of great goodness, so that there were few found on earth to compare with her. She wore a yellow robe and on her head was a golden crown adorned with many rare and precious gems. She sat on an ivory chair and by her side were two turtle doves. All around her played her children, a great multitude, and she held the youngest in her arms.

When Una and the knight had greeted her and wished her joy of all her children, Una besought of her that she would entertain the knight fairly and gently after his late harsh sufferings and teach him her own gentle love.

Charissa was right joyous to hear this request, and taking the knight by the hand she taught him lessons and instructed him in every good behest of love and righteousness and well-doing. Then she called to her a sober matron whose grave looks bespoke her wise, gave him to her keeping,

charging her to lead him with great care lest he should stumble, and to take him to the Hospital of the Seven Bead-men.

Then the wise matron led the knight forth from the presence of Charissa, and they came to a narrow pathway that was choked with thorns and briars. But the good woman helped the knight when his feet were entangled in the briars, and when he, growing weary, or not seeing the path for the thorns, would have strayed aside into another way, she took him firmly by the hand and kept him in the right path.

At last, by the roadside, they saw a great building and towards this the matron turned her steps, the knight following her.

V

THE HOSPITAL

So they came to the Hospital of the Seven Bead-men. These seven were men who had vowed their lives to the service of the poor and the suffering, and they spent their days in good works. The gate of their house was ever open that all wayfarers might enter there and rest, and

by it sat a man who called to travellers to come in and refresh themselves.

The eldest and best of the seven was the steward of the house and his office was to make welcome all such as came that way. But he was not to entertain the rich who could requite him double for all he spent on them, but chiefly the poor who were in need of shelter on their journey. This by his oath he was constrained to do.

The second had for his duty to feed the hungry

and to give drink to the thirsty. He was called the almoner. And this man took no thought for himself nor yet to lay up provision for his children, he had enough, why should he care for more? And even had he had less—that little he would have shared with his brethren.

The third had custody of the wardrobe, and there he kept nothing gaudy, not "plumes of pride and wings of vanity" but such garments as were needful to keep the cold away and to clothe men decently. And every day he clad those who were naked, and if no more garments were left of his present store he would cut his own coat to share it with a beggar.

The fourth had store of money wherewith to set free prisoners by paying their ransom, for in those days many Christian souls were in captivity to Turks and Saracens.

The fifth had for his charge the sick and dying, on whom he waited, giving them the help whereof they were most in need.

The sixth had the care of graves and burial. It was his part to see the dead buried with reverence and decency, decking them with flowers and keeping their graves in seemly order.

Orphans and widows were committed to the

care of the seventh, who was a wise man and eloquent, and would plead for them when mighty men strove to rob or oppress them. He would take no bribes to desert them and if they were in want he supplied their necessities with gifts.

When the Red Cross Knight came to that house, he was made welcome by the eldest Beadman who was the steward, and the wise matron also was entreated with great honour and reverence for she was patroness of their order which Charissa herself had founded.

There she awhile him stays, himself to rest,
That to the rest more able he might be;[1]
During which time, in every good behest,
And godly works of Alms and charity
She him instructed with great industry.
Shortly there in so perfect he became,
That, from the first unto the last degree,
His mortal life he learned had to frame
In holy righteousness, without rebuke or blame.

[1] *That to the rest more able he might be.* That he might be better able to accomplish his work which lay before him.

VI

THE HILL

At the top of a tall and very steep hill hard by the hospital of the Seven Bead-men there was a sacred chapel and eke a little Hermitage. In this Hermitage dwelt an aged, holy man who spent all his days in prayer and contemplation, and gave no heed to any worldly business.

Great grace that old man to him given had;
For God he often saw from heaven's height;
All[1] were his earthly eyne both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight.

His hair fell down upon his shoulders and was white as snow, and all his bones might be seen through his flesh, so thin and worn was he with fasting, for his mind was full of spiritual things and he cared not though he went unfed for days together.

To this old man the wise matron brought the Red Cross Knight, leading him up the long hill

[1] *all* = although.

where he was wellnigh fordone with weariness but she cheered him on.

The old man made no great show of joy to see them come for he liked ill to be taken from his meditation, but for the reverence he bore to the wise matron he gave her greeting and asked her why she had come, and to what end the stranger was with her.

"What end," quoth she, "should cause us take such pain
But that same end, which every living wight
Should make his mark high heaven to attain?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious house, that glistereth bright
With burning stars and ever-living fire,
Whereof the keys are to thy hand behight
By wise Fidelia? She doth thee require,
To show it to this knight, according his desire."

Then the old man greeted the Red Cross Knight who was, he said, thrice happy to be sent by Fidelia to see that which no living man had seen before him. And after they had fasted and prayed together a while the old man led the knight to the highest point of the mountain on which they were.

From thence, far off he unto him did show
A little path that was both steep and long,
Which to a goodly City led his view;
Whose walls and towers were builded high and strong
Of pearl and precious stone, that earthly tongue
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song.
The City of the Great King hight it well, [1]
Wherein eternal peace and happiness doth dwell.

And in the midst of the city there was a great and shining tower, and strange and beautiful people walked up and down in it. Then was the Red Cross Knight astonished and he marvelled greatly: "For," said he, "until now I deemed Cleopolis, the city of Gloriana, to be the greatest and most marvellous of all cities, and the glass tower there to be the marvel of all buildings, but now I see that there is a yet greater wonder."

"That is most true," replied the aged man, "this is no earthly city which thou now beholdest; but yet of earthly cities is Cleopolis the fairest, and because thou hast found favour with Gloriana and hast come thus far on thy quest, and art still

[1] *hight it well* = it was called.

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the true knight of thy Lady Una, I will show thee a thing thou knowest not and give thee a name by which thou shalt be known when thy warfare is over, and thou thyself art gone by that same narrow path which I have shewed thee to dwell in the City of the Great King.

VII

THE NEW NAME

Then the aged man took the Red Cross Knight aside and gave him a new name, telling him that in the end of his life he should be a saint and the patron of his nation; and this new name was Saint George, and as you know it is still said "*Saint George for Merry England.*"

And the knight was much abased, in that he felt himself unworthy of the honour of being a saint, and prayed the aged man that he might remain with him and not again go into the world and its temptations.

But this the aged man would not allow, seeing that the dragon was yet unslain and the parents of Una were still in their captivity.

Then Saint George enquired of the aged man

if he knew aught of his birth, and this he told him:

"Thou art," said he, "sprung from an ancient race of Saxon kings. But when thou wert still a babe in swaddling bands a Fairy stole thee from thy cradle and left an Elfin changeling in thy room. This Fairy brought thee hither to Fairy-land where thou now art, and hid thee in a field. A ploughman, guiding his team along the furrows, found thee and brought thee up as his son, therefore art thou called George or the ploughman. Now that thine own pride and courage have led thee first to Queen Gloriana to demand this adventure, and afterwards through these many perils, it is meet that I tell thee thy true history."

And Saint George was moved with gratitude and wonder, and thanked the aged man for all he had both shewn and told him. But when he would have gone away from that place he was dazed with the brightness of the vision of the Holy City and could not see the way.

Then, after some little time, his eyes being recovered of their dimness, he returned to Una who all this while had awaited him, dwelling

with Dame Celia and her three daughters in the House of Holiness. She saw him again with great joy and together they took leave of the Dame and her daughters and set out again on their journey.

Of the Battle with the Dragon

I

THE DRAGON

AS they drew near to her father's kingdom, Una began to speak words of courage to her knight, for well she knew the peril he was about to suffer for her sake.

Now we are come unto my native soil,
And to the place where all our perils dwell;
Here haunts that fiend, and does his daily spoil;
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,

And ever ready for your foeman fell.
The spark of noble courage now awake,
And strive your excellent self to excel:
That shall ye evermore renownèd make
Above all knights on earth, that battle undertake.

And soon they came to a place where she might show him the Brazen Tower where her parents dwelt in their captivity. On the top of the tower stood the watchman, who stood there waiting to take tidings of her return to the king and queen below:

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound,
That all the air with terror fillèd wide,
And seemed uneath to shake the steadfast ground.
Eftsoons that dreadful Dragon they espied,
Where stretched he lay upon the sunnyside
Of a great hill, himself like a great hill:
But, all so soon as he from far descried
Those glistening arms that heaven with light did fill,
He roused himself full blithe, and hastened them until.

Seeing which Saint George bade the lady withdraw herself aside to another hill from which she might watch the battle in safety. She obeying

him left him in the plain where he made ready for his foe.

By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh to hand,
Half flying and half footing in his haste,
That with his largeness measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste;
As mountain doth the valley overcast.
Approaching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vast;
Which, to increase his wondrous greatness more,
Was swoln with wrath, and poison, and with bloody gore.

He was covered with scales of brass, so thick and close that no spear might pierce between them, and as he came he ruffled them as an eagle doth his plumes, and the noise of them was as the clashing of armour.

His flaggy wings, when forth he did display,
Were like two sails, in which the hollow wind
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way,
And eke the pens,[1] that did his pinions bind:
Were like main-yards with flying canvas lined;
With which whenas him list the air to beat,
And thereby force unwonted passage find,

[1] *pens* = quills.

The clouds before him fled for terror great,
And all the heavens stood still amazed with his
threat.

His huge long tail, wound up in hundred folds,
Does overspread his long brass-scaly back,
Whose wreathed boughts[1] whenever he unfolds,
And thick entangled knots adown does slack,
Be spotted as with shields of red and black,
It sweepeth all the land behind him far,
And of three furlongs does but little lack;
And at the point two stings in-fixed are,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steel exceeden far.

But stings and sharpest steel did far exceed
The sharpness of his cruel rending claws:
Dead was it sure, as sure as death indeed,
Whatever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever draws.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble: for his deep devouring jaws
Wide gaped, like the grisly mouth of Hell,
Through which into his dark abyss all ravin fell.

And, that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranks of iron teeth enranged were,

[1] *boughts* = folds.

In which yet trickling blood and gobbets raw,
Of late devoured bodies did appear,
That sight thereof bred congealed fear:
Which to increase and all at once to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke, and sulphur sear,
Out of his stinking gorge forth steamed still,
That all the air about with smoke and stench did fill.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,
Did burn with wrath, and sparkled living fire:
As two broad beacons, set in open fields,
Send forth their flames far off to every shire,
And warning give that enemies conspire
With fire and sword the region to invade:
So flamed his eyne with rage and rancorous ire;
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lamps were set that made a dreadful shade.

So dreadfully he towards him did pass,
Forelifting up aloft his speckled breast,
And often bounding on the bruised grass,
As for great joyaunce of his newcome guest.
Eftsoons he gan advance his haughty crest,
As chafed Boar his bristles doth uprear;
And shook his scales to battle ready dressed,

That made the Red Cross Knight nigh quake
for fear,
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman near.

Then Saint George made him ready to meet the dragon.

II

THE FIRST DAY

The knight rode at the beast but his pointed spear was of no avail against the brassy scales: nevertheless such was the force of his blow that the wrathful beast turned him aside, and brushing him roughly with his long tail cast both horse and rider to the ground.

But the knight and his horse, recovering from the fall, again set themselves in array, and he smote the dragon a blow so mighty that great rage rose in his breast, for never had he met knight so powerful before.

Then, rising in the air with his great wings spread abroad, that dragon sailed round and round above his foe, till suddenly swooping down upon him he seized him in his claws and bore both him and his horse away about a bowshot from the place.

But the knight and eke his horse strove so strongly in that dragon's paws that they both fell to the ground and taking his spear once more Saint George wounded the dragon close under his left wing where no scales were, so that the dragon uttered a loud and horrible cry, and snatched the spear from the wound.

Then the dragon wrapped his tail so closely round the horse that he was made to throw his rider, and finding himself on the ground the knight quickly drew his sword and smote the dragon on his crest. But the crest was of hardened iron, and the blow made no dint therein; nevertheless by its force was the dragon daunted, and so avoided another stroke and sought to raise himself in the air again, but could not for the pain of his wound. Full of grief and anguish that dragon brayed aloud, and sent forth from his mouth a flame of fire that wrapped the knight round, and singed his beard and made him wondrous hot inside his armour.

Then grew he—

Faint, weary, sore, emboylèd, grievèd, bent
With heat, toil, wounds, arms, smart and inward fire.

The knight was nearly desperate, and seeing

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this the dragon rushed on him, and thrust him backwards into a well that lay behind him.

The hour of sunset was now come, and the dragon, having drowned his foe, stood in the plain and flapped his wings for joy at the victory.

This Una saw, and fell into great sorrow, and all that night she waked and prayed upon the hillside, and slept not but waited for the dawn.

III

THE SECOND DAY

But when morning was come, lo! the champion arose from the well refreshed and strengthened, for its waters had healing power, and having bathed

in them the knight was yet more ready for the battle than before even the battle began, which when he saw it, caused the dragon to marvel greatly.

Now, whether it were that the water had hardened the steel of his sword, or that it had strengthened the sinews of his arm, I wot not, but this alone I know, that when the knight smote at the dragon again he wounded him grievously so that his skull was bare to the bone.

Then the dragon in his rage and pain roared like an hundred ramping lions, and tearing up high trees and rocks, tore them in pieces, and with his angry sting he drove the knight to earth and smote him through his shield into his shoulder where the barb remained like a hot needle and would not be drawn forth.

Then the knight, springing to his feet, strove to draw forth the sting, but in vain; therefore with his sword he smote off the dragon's tail.

Five joints thereof he hewed, and but the stump him left.

Then with outrage and with cries, with smoke and flashing fire, the beast laid hold on the champion's sun-bright shield and gripped it in his paws.

And at last, with much pain and after great striving the knight took his sword and hewed off the dragon's foot which, being parted from his body, still clung to the shield and would not be loosed from it.

But the dragon, seeing that his enemy had recovered his shield, and being now thrice wounded that day, sent forth so noisesome a stream of smoke and fire and blood that the knight was overcome, and slipping on the slimy ground, fell in the shadow of a tree. And again it was evening.

IV

THE THIRD DAY

Now to this tree the dragon dared not come for it was enchanted, and on it grew fruit whose juice was a healing balm. And as he lay there this juice flowed down upon the knight and healed his wounds so that he fell into a refreshing sleep. And again that second night Una remained on the hillside and watched and prayed until day-break.

The third day of that fight broke joyously with singing of birds and with rosy clouds in the sky,

and the knight arose fresh and strong from his sleep under the enchanted tree.

The dragon, who thought at this third encounter to overcome him utterly, advanced with jaws gaping wide to swallow him; and the champion, taking advantage of the open mouth, thrust his sword down his wicked throat.

So down he fell, and forth his life did breathe,
That vanished into smoke and cloudes swift;
So down he fell, that earth him underneath
Did groan, as feeble so great load to lift;
So down he fell, as a great rocky clift,
Whose false foundation waves have washed away,
With dreadful poise is from the mainland rift,
And, rolling down, great Neptune doth dismay:
So down he fell, and like an heaped mountain lay.

Even Saint George himself trembled at his fall, and Una for terror dared not approach. But at last when she was well assured that the dreadful fiend was really dead, she threw off her terror, and coming down from the hill she praised and thanked her faithful champion who had now fulfilled his quest.

The watchman who had stood on the tower since the break of day now began to call in a loud

voice, announcing to all in the tower that the dragon was no more.

V

THE KING AND QUEEN

Then the doors of the tower were flung wide open, and the tidings were sent forth into all the land that the dragon was dead, and that joy and peace were once more established. Trumpets were sounded, and with one consent the people came together.

Forth came that ancient Lord, and agèd Queen,
Arrayed in antique robes down to the ground,
And sad habiliments right well beseene:
A noble crew about them waited round
Of sage and sober peers, all gravely gowned;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all able arms to sound;
But now they laurel branches bore in hand,
Glad sign of victory and peace in all their land.

Thus marching in procession they went to the champion who had delivered them, and threw their laurel branches at his feet.

A band of dancing maidens bearing garlands

of fresh and dewy flowers followed them, and as they danced they sounded timbrels, while a troop of children sang sweet songs to the music of the timbrels and "made delightful music all the way." All these came to where Una stood and she beheld them and listened to their music, smiling and showing a cheerful countenance. Then they all bowed down to the ground and worshipped her with honourable names, and, half in sport, half in earnest, crowned her with flowers as their maiden queen.

Then came all the common people to gaze on the body of their foe who lay there slain, but so great was their fear of him that they durst not touch him, one saying that life was still in him for he saw him move his eyes.

One mother, whenas her foolhardy child
Did come too near, and with his talants play,
Half dead through fear, her little babe reviled,
And to her gossips gan in counsel say;
"How can I tell, but that his talants may
Yet scratch my son, or rend his tender hand?"
So diversely themselves in vain they fray;
Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh stand,
To prove how many acres he did spread of land.

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Thus flocked all the folk him round about;
The whiles that hoary king, with all his train,
Being arrived where that champion stout
After his foes defeasance[1] did remain,
Him goodly greets, and fair does entertain
With princely gifts of ivory and gold,
And thousand thanks him yields for all his pain.
Then when his daughter dear he does behold,
Her dearly doth embrace, and kisseth manifold.

And thus they brought Una and her knight to the palace with dancing and singing and great rejoicing. But for all their gladness there was no sinful pomp—such was not the fashion in those days.

They made a great feast, and prayed the knight to tell the tale of his adventures.

Who then with utt'rance grave, and countenance sad,
From point to point, as is before expressed,
Discoursed his voyage long, according his request.

The king and queen listened with pleasure and with goodly compassion to the tale of that knight's pitiful adventures; sometimes they lamented his misfortunes, sometimes they blamed Fate's cruelty to him, and all the while their tears were salt upon their cheeks as they listened.

[1] *defeasance* = defeat or undoing.

Then said that royal pere in sober wise;
"Dear son, great be the evils which ye bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I note[1] whether praise or pity more:
For never living man, I ween, so sore
In sea of deadly dangers was distressed;
But since now safe ye seizèd have the shore
And well arrivèd are (high God be blessed)
Let us devise of ease and everlasting rest.

But the Red Cross Knight might not long abide with Una and her parents, for by his vow he must needs return forthwith to the Court of Gloriana, there to perform his six year's service in her cause against a Paynim king. For which cause the king and queen bade them prepare and make ready for the betrothal.

VI

THE LETTER

The king then sent for Una, his only daughter and his only heir, and when she came she was as bright as the morning star.

[1] *note*, know not.

So fair and fresh, as freshest flower in May;
For she had laid her mournful stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple thrown away,
Wherewith her heavenly beauty she did hide,
Whiles on her weary journey she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did wear
All lily white, withoutten spot or pride,
That seemed like silk and silver woven near:
But neither silk nor silver therein did appear.

So fair was she that even her own knight with whom she had travelled all those days was amazed at her beauty.

Then Una made obeisance to her reverend sire, and he began to say words which none ever heard, for ere he could speak a messenger in great haste came running into the hall—and falling on his face before the king gave to him a parchment.

And the king, taking the letter, read it as follows:

"To thee, most mighty king of Eden fair,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest
The woeful daughter and forsaken heir
Of that great Emperor of all the West;
And bids thee be advised for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter link, in holy band
Of wedlock, to that new unknown guest:

For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

" To me, sad maid, or rather widow sad,
He was affiancèd long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
False errant knight, infamous, and forswore!
Witness the burning Altars, which he swore,
And guilty heavens of his bold perjury;
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for judgment just to fly,
And them conjure t'avenge this shameful injury.

" Therefore, since mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
Withhold, O sovereign Prince! your hasty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
Through weakness of my widowhed or woe;
For truth is strong her rightful cause to plead,
And shall find friends, if need requireth soe.
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend nor foe,
Fidessa."

The king having read these words, sat still for a long time and was silent, being astonished. At

last, fixing his eyes upon the Red Cross Knight, he said:

"Redoubted knight, thou hast but lately ventured both life and honour for my sake, therefore let nothing be unspoken between us. What mean these vows and threats here contained in this letter? I pray you to disclose the whole matter unto me."

Then the Red Cross Knight made answer saying that the day were not long enough to declare all the perils he had endured when first he strayed into those paths where—

I did find, or rather I was found
Of this false woman, that Fidessa hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest dame on ground,
Most false Duessa, royal richly dight,
That easy was to enveigle weaker sight:
Who by her wicked arts and wily skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will;
And to my foe betrayed when least I feared ill.

When the knight had spoken thus Una came forward before the king, her father, and, bowing low, with a sober countenance began to speak:

"I can discover to you the truth my sovereign

lord," she said, "for I have lately come to know how that this wicked sorceress was the chief cause of all my dear knight's misery. This letter is a fresh wile of hers to work more mischief; and, moreover, her messenger whom she has found to bear it, simple footman though ye deem him, is, as I guess, Archimago, the falsest man alive."

Then the king was moved with great indignation by Una's speech, and bade his guards seize the messenger.

Who seemingly sore chafing at his band
As chainèd bear, whom cruel dogs do bait,
With idle force did fain them to withstand:
And often semblance made to scape out of their hand.

But they him laid full low in dungeon deep,
And bound him hand and foot with iron chains:
And with continual watch did warely keep.

The king's wrath being pacified, the betrothal was accomplished with all due rites and vows.

The king himself, with his own hands, did tie the knot which none may untie, and he it was who kindled the troth fire. Then he sprinkled holy water and took a burning torch to light the

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lamp which was kept in a chamber apart and tended day and night that it might never die out.

Then all the doorposts were sprinkled with wine, and sweet smelling perfumes were poured out, and there was much burning of incense. And they made a great feast, so that the whole house was busy with the preparations, and when all was ready there was sweet music and a song of love and jollity.

During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard sound through all the palace pleasantly,
Like as it had been many an Angel's voice
Singing before th' eternal majesty,
In their trinall triplicities on hye:
Yet wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
Himself thereby refte of his senses meet,
And ravished with rare impression in his sprit.

And that day was a holiday throughout the land, and all men kept it with great rejoicing, more than I can tell you.

The knight held himself to be a thrice happy man, and when he looked on his lady his heart melted within him for joy.

And for a long time he remained in her sweet company, with no evil thoughts and no harmful enemies to distress him, but nevertheless he remembered his oath which he had sworn to the Fairy Queen, to return and serve her if it should be his good fortune to slay the dragon.

So, when the time of rejoicing was over, he took his leave of Una, who sorrowed greatly at his departure yet would not bid him stay, knowing that he would return to her when his vow was fulfilled.

How Archimago escaped from Prison and strove to do further harm to the Red Cross Knight, and of Sir Guyon and the Bloody-handed Babe.

I

THE ESCAPE OF ARCHIMAGO

THE Red Cross Knight having bidden adieu to Una and to her parents journeyed onward to the Court of Gloriana which was a great way off, and on his journey he passed

through divers strange adventures. Such an adventure was his meeting with Sir Guyon which we shall here relate.

Now, it chanced that Archimago in his prison where he lay bound, heard of the journey of the Red Cross Knight.

That cunning architect of cancred[1] guile,
Whom prince's late displeasure left in bands,
For falsèd letters and subornèd wile,
Soon as the Red-Cross Knight he understands
To be departed out of Eden lands,
To serve again his sovereign Elfin Queen;
His arts he moves, and out of captive's hands[2]
Himself he frees by secret means unseen;
His shackles empty left, himself escaped clean.

He was full of malice and evil intent, the more so that Una was now out of his power, being safely at the end of her journey and lodged in her father's house. Wherefore, with double hate, he sought the undoing of the Red Cross Knight. And he made many crafty snares wherewith to entrap him, using more cunning for he knew

[1] *cancred* = corrupt.

[2] *out of captive hands* = out of the hands of those who held him captive.

that the Red Cross Knight was hardly to be caught.

Still as he went, he crafty stales[1] did lay.
With cunning traynes[2] him to entrap unwares,

And privy spials[3] placed in all his way,
To weet what course he takes and how he fares;
To ketch him at a vantage[4] in his snares.
But now so wise and wary was the Knight
By trial of his former harms and cares,

[1] *stales* = snares. [2] *traynes* = nets. [3] *spials* = spies.
[4] *To ketch him at a vantage* = to take him unawares.

That he descried and shunnèd still his slight[1]
The fish that once was caught new bait will hardly bite.

And by good fortune he found Duessa, hiding in an underground cave, far in the wilderness, for she dared not come forth since Prince Arthur had despoiled her of all her jewels and silken garments, and she was forced to clothe herself in moss and weeds. Wherefore Archimago by his magic restored her to her former false beauty, and gave her garments, so that now she appeared in the likeness of a damsel, young, and lovely and innocent. And Archimago took counsel with her, and together they contrived a way in which the Red Cross Knight should be put in peril of his life.

II

SIR GUYON AND THE PALMER

It so fortuned that Archimago passing on his way, beneath a shady hill, met a goodly Knight all fully armed. This was Sir Guyon, an Elfin Knight of Faery land. The same he was whom

[1] *slight* = trick or contrivance.

Sir Huon de Bordeaux had knighted when the King of Fairy-land brought him to his dominions. Sir Guyon was of demure and temperate countenance, but in anger his look was stern and terrible and caused his enemies to quail before him.

Him als accompanied upon the way
A comely palmer, clad in black attire,
Of ripest years and hairs all hoary grey,
That with a staff his feeble steps did stire,
Lest his long way his aged limbs should tire:
And, if by looks one may the mind aread,
He seemed to be an aged sober sire,
And ever with slow pace the Knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling steed with equal steps to tread.

Archimago, seeing this knight and his sober guide, drew near to them and with gentle behaviour bade them pause and listen to his piteous tale. Sir Guyon stayed his steed and bade the unhappy old man tell on, whereupon Archimago

With piteous moan his piercing speech gan paint.

He told a fearful tale of a distressed damsel persecuted with threatenings by an armed knight.

"How may it be," said then the knight half wroth,
"That knight should knighthood ever so have shent"?[1]
"None but that saw," quoth he "would weene for troth,
How shamefully that Maid he did torment:
Her looser golden locks he rudely rent,
And drew her on the ground: and his sharp sword
Against her snowy breast he fiercely bent,
And threatened death with many a bloody word:
Tongue hates to tell the rest that eye to see abhorred."

Then was Sir Guyon much moved and questioned whether heaven had permitted so vile a wretch to live.

"Not only doth he still live," replied Archimago, "but boasteth of his wickedness and declares that no knight is found able to punish him."

"Where may he be found," said Sir Guyon, "and by what means may I find him?"

"I myself will show you," said the wicked enchanter, and led him to where Duessa in the guise of a fair damsel, sat and wept with rent garments and dishevelled hair.

[1] *shent* = disgraced.

Then Sir Guyon approaching nigh, spoke gently to her, bidding her cease her moans and cries, for he was come to avenge her, and to punish the false caitiff who had done her wrong.

At first the damsel would not utter a word but tore her golden hair and sighed and wept and scratched her face in the extremity of her woe, but when her passion was somewhat abated she had speech with Sir Guyon and made her plaint.

When he had heard her story he asked her to tell him the name of her oppressor.

"Certes," said she, "I wote not how he hight
But under him a grey steed he did wield,
Whose sides with dappled circles weren dight;
Upright he rode, and in his silver shield
He bore a bloody cross that quartered all the field."

III

SIR GUYON AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT

When Sir Guyon heard that the Red Cross Knight and none other was the vile traitor whom he had vowed to slay, he was greatly astonished; "For," said he, "that knight has won great glory upon his adventure with the errant damosel, and I

myself was a witness of his departure on that quest, and know him to be a good knight and true. Nevertheless if he hath done this thing thou shalt be avenged."

So together they went forth to seek the Red Cross Knight and Archimago led them.

So now he Guyon guides an uncouth way
Through woods and mountains, till they come at last
Into a pleasant dale that lowly lay
Betwixt two hills, whose high heads overplast
The valley did with cool shade overcast:
Through midst whereof a little river rolled,
By which there sat a knight with helm unlaced,
Himself refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his travel long and labours manifold.

"Lo! yonder he," cried Archimago, "who wrought the deed of which I spake," and, having said these words he withdrew himself with Duessa, leaving Sir Guyon inflamed with wrathfulness ready to fall upon the knight.

"Who, seeing him from far so fierce to prick
His warlike arms about him 'gan embrace
And in the rest his ready spear did prick.

But before the twain met in the shock of battle, Sir Guyon, aware by his shield, that this was none other than his Elfin brother-in-arms, stayed his charger. And the Red Cross Knight seeing the portrait of Gloriana on the Shield of Sir Guyon was much amazed, and began straightway to question him why thus, in warlike guise, he rode against him.

Then, raising their visors, the two knights talked together and each discovered to the other the guile of Archimago and the falseness of Duessa.

While they thus talked together they were overtaken by the aged Palmer who followed Sir Guyon. He, recognizing the Red Cross Knight, greeted him with fair words, and said

" Joy may you have, and everlasting fame,
Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you done,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heavenly Registers above the Sun,
Where you a Saint with Saints your seat have won:
But wretched we, where ye have left your mark,
Must now anew begin like race to run.
God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy work
And to the wished haven bring thy weary bark!

The Red Cross Knight replied, giving the praise of his achievments to God, and wishing Sir Guyon good speed in all adventures he might undertake. Then with many fair words they parted company, the Red Cross Knight continuing on his journey to the Court of Gloriana, and Sir Guyon following the way in which the black Palmer directed him. This Palmer was a very grave and serious man and restrained Guyon many times when he was angered and would have strayed from the path.

IV

MORDAUNT AND AMAVIA

In this fair wise they travelled long yfere[1]
Through many hard assayes which did betide;
Of which he honour still away did bear,
And spread his glory through all countries wide.
At last, as chanced them by a forest side
To pass, for succour from the scorching ray,
They heard a rueful voice that dearnly[2] cried
With piercing shrieks and many a doleful lay;[3]
Which to attend awhile their forward steps they stay.

[1] *yfere* = in company together. [2] *dearnly* = mournfully.
[3] *lay* = cry.

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It was the voice of a gentle lady in distress, lamenting her sad fate and the piteous estate of her sweet Babe, and with moans and cries she prayed that Death would come and free her from her pain and sorrow.

Which when that warrior heard, dismounting straight
From his tall steed, he rushed into the thick,
And soon arrived where that sad portrait
Of death and dolour lay, half dead, half quick;
In whose white alabaster breast did stick
A cruel knife that made a grisly wound,
From which forth gushed a stream of gore blood thick
That all her goodly garments stained around
And into a deep sanguine died the grassy ground.

She lay beside a bubbling fountain, and in her lap was a lovely Babe, and he innocent and playful knew not that his mother was dying, but strove to sport with her, and her life blood fell on his little hands. Beside them on the grass was the dead body of a knight who when living had been a fair and goodly man, and even yet his ruddy lips smiled and his cheeks were rosy.

And when Sir Guyon saw this he was moved to great grief and pity. So great was his sorrow that at

first he could do naught save groan, but recovering from his stupor he ran to the lady, and drawing the cruel knife from her breast, he strove to stanch the wound with his garments, and to restore her fainting life. At last she opened her eyes and began once more to breathe, which when Sir Guyon saw, he was most glad, and straightway besought her to tell him of her need that he might aid her according to his vow.

But so great was her sorrow and despair, and so sore her wound that it was long ere she could speak. At last, with much pain she told her doleful story. Her name, she said, was Amavia, the knight who lay dead beside her was her husband Sir Mordaunt, "the gentlest knight that ever on green grass gay steed with spurs did prick."

For long they dwelt together in love and happiness until an evil day, when, riding forth as was his wont, to seek adventures Sir Mordaunt met the false enchantress Acrasia who dwells in the Bower of Bliss. She is a witch of great power and beauty who beguiles all that come her way, and making them drunken mad, keeps them prisoners and works on them all her wicked will. Sir Mordaunt became her captive and was by her so bewitched that when Acrasia sought and found

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him with her little son who had been born while his father was in this sad captivity, he did not know her.

But after much grief and labour she rescued him from the vile enchantress, and all three set out to journey to their home together. Acrasia, seeing them about to leave her, gave her a cup on which a magic spell was written. And they followed their way in safety until they reached the fountain beside which Sir Guyon found them, when Sir Mordaunt stopped to drink. He mixed wine and water in Acrasia's cup, and by reason of the enchantment which she had cast upon it, he was poisoned by the draught. Amavia, seeing this, fell into a great despair and stabbed herself.

When she had ended this piteous tale she lay down and died, and Guyon and the Palmer buried her with her dead husband; but before he laid them in the grave Sir Guyon cut off locks of their hair and dipping them in their blood he swore to be avenged on Acrasia for the wrong she had done.

V

THE BLOODY-HANDED BABE

Thus when Sir Guyon and his faithful guide
  Had with due rights and dolorous lament
The end of their sad Tragedy uptied,
  The little babe up in his arms he hent;[1]
  Who with sweet pleasaunce and bold blandishment,
Gan smile on them that rather ought to weep,
  As careless of his woe or innocent
Of that was done; that on the empierced deep
In that knight's heart, and words with bitter tears did steep.

"Ah! luckless babe, born under cruel star,
  And in dead parent's baleful ashes bred
Full little weenest thou what sorrows are
  Left thee for portion of thy livlihead;
  Poor Orphan! in the wild world scatterèd
As budding branch rent from the native tree,
  And throwen forth, till it be witherèd.
Such is the state of man: Thus enter we
Into this life with woe, and end with misery!"

[1] *hent* = took.

Then, soft himself inclining on his knee
Down to that well, did in the water ween
(So love doth loathe disdainful nicety)
His guilty hands from bloody gore to clean.
He washed them oft and oft, yet nought they been
For all his washing cleaner, still he strove;
Yet still the little hands were bloody seen:
The which him into great amazement drove,
And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder clove.

But the Palmer bid him wonder no more for that was an enchanted fountain, the nymph whereof was a pure maiden, and into her well no defilement might enter. Moreover he bade the knight be sure that this was a sign and a remembrance by which the Babe when he was grown a man might be kept in mind of his duty and so be spurred to knightly prowess. And Sir Guyon hearkened to the Palmer.

Then Sir Guyon took up Sir Mordaunt's armour, and the Palmer took the Babe and together they went to the place where Sir Guyon had left his horse. But, lo! the horse was no longer there for he had been stolen away, whereat Sir Guyon waxed very wroth, but there was no help and

needs must he travel on foot being sore burdened both with his own armour and that of Sir Mordaunt which he bore with him.

VI

THE CASTLE OF MEDINA AND HER SISTERS

So they journeyed on until they came to a castle built on a rock by the sea. It was an ancient castle and wondrous strong, and in it dwelt three sisters, Medina, Elissa and Perissa.

Medina the eldest was a sober, sad and comely courteous dame, and she received Sir Guyon in honourable wise.

She led him up into a goodly bower,
And comely courted with meek modesty;
Nor in her speech, nor in her haviour
Was lightness seen or looser vanity,
But gracious womanhood and gravity,
Above the reason of her youthly years.
Her golden locks she roundly did uptie
In braided trammels that no looser hairs
Did out of order stray about her dainty ears.

Her sisters were not as she was, but rather the contrary; the eldest, Elissa being of a proud and froward nature, and the youngest Perissa something too light and free, and these two ladies had each a lover. The lover of Elissa was Sir Huddibras "an hardy man yet not so good of deeds as great of name." He was stern and melancholy and, for greater terror, wore armour of shining brass.

Perissa's lover was none other than Sansloy the youngest of the Sarazins, and how he had escaped from Sir Satyrane I know not, yet was he there in that same castle.

And when these two knights heard that a

stranger knight was come to the castle, they at once desired to do battle with him, and to that end they made ready. But ere they could come to the place where Sir Guyon was lodged they fell into dispute between themselves, and so to fighting. Sir Guyon, hearing the noise of their battle came forth, whereupon they both at once fell upon him to slay him. But he was a brave knight and strong, and so the three fought together until Medina came out and interposed, herself to stay their blows, albeit her two sisters who stood by to see the battle gainsaid her and bade their champions continue.

At length, after many gracious words of reason and entreaty, Medina prevailed, and the knights, sheathing their swords swore, at her request, a treaty of amity.

Then, to confirm their peace, she bade them rest from their toil, and to take their ease in her own abode while she prepared a rich and dainty feast to which they were all bidden

And those two froward sisters, their fair loves,
Came with them, eke, all were they wondrous loth,
And feigned cheer, as for the time behoves,
But could not colour yet so well the troth,

But that their natures bad appeared in both;
For both did at their second sister grutch
And inly grieve as doth a hidden moth
The inner garment fret nor the outer touch
She thought her cheer too little, the other thought
too much.

But Medina with skill and patience moderated the tempers of both her sisters and the feast passed with carouse and rejoicing; and when they had eaten and drunk their fill, Medina besought Sir Guyon to tell of his quest and his adventures.

Then Sir Guyon told of his allegiance to Gloriana the Fairy Queen and how the old Palmer his guide and companion had come to Gloriana's court telling of a wicked enchanter against whom no champion could prevail. And he, Sir Guyon, had undertaken the adventure of destroying her, and had been now three moons on his journey without finding her, yet that very day had he met other victims of her wickedness. And Medina beseeching him to relate still more, he told the doleful tale of Sir Mordaunt and Amavia his wife. So Sir Guyon told on, and all the guests remained to listen so great was their pity, and

forgot the hour and their wonted sleep until the tale was ended.

The next morning, rising early and casting drowsiness aside, Sir Guyon donned his armour and prepared him for the journey, but ere he took leave of Medina he gave into her care the little Babe. And Medina promised to train him in all virtuous learning and to prepare him for knighthood. Ruddymane was he called.

Then Sir Guyon and the Palmer fared forth on foot together.

How Sir Guyon's horse was stolen by a vain boaster; how Sir Guyon came to the Idle Lake; of the Cave of Mammon, of sober Alma and of the Bower of Bliss.

I

BRAGGADOCCHIO AND BELPHOEBE

NOW there lived in the wood, hard by the well where Sir Guyon found Amavia, a vain and foolish fellow whose name was Braggadocchio. This same losel, chancing to

pass that way found Sir Guyon's spear and also his horse which he had left by a tree when he heard that unhappy lady s cries. Braggadocchio seeing these, without more ado took the spear in his hand, and climbing into the saddle rode off with his spoil. And as he rode he was much puffed up in mind, for, having a horse and spear, he bethought him that all men would take him for a man of valour, and that in short time he might become a gallant at court.

And by the way he chanced to espy
  One sitting idle on a sunny bank,
To him avaunting in great bravery,
  As Peacock that his painted plumes doth prank
  He smote his courser in the trembling flank,
And to him threatened his heart-thrilling spear:
  The silly man, seeing him ride so rank.
And aim at him, fell flat to ground for fear,
And crying "Mercy," loud, his piteous hands gan
    near.

Thereat the Scarecrow waxèd wondrous proud
  Though fortune of his first adventure fair,
And with big thund'ring voice reviled him loud:
  "Vile caitiff, vassal of dread and despair,

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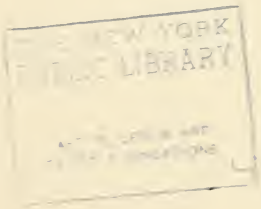
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Unworthy of the common breathed air,
Why livest thou, dead dog, a longer day,
And dost not unto death thyself prepare?
Die, or thyself my captive yield for aye.
Great favour I thee grant for answer thus to stay."

Then the poor wretch yielded himself captive to Braggadocchio who bade him rise and follow him as his servant. The man was named Prompart.

> And he was wily witted and grown old.
> In cunning sleights and practic knavery.

So, seeing what manner of man Braggadocchio his master was, he cast about him to uphold his vain mind with vain flattery.

They rode for many days together, and in their wanderings met Archimago who promised to give to Braggadocchio the flaming sword of Prince Arthur. Whereat Braggadocchio was first, greatly rejoiced and lastly even more greatly afraid not knowing what manner of man this might be who had the bestowing of such gifts. So they fled from the place where they had met Archimago, and that evil man was forced to seek another on whom to bestow the stolen sword Morddure, by which he trusted to work Guyon's undoing

Hardly was Braggadocchio recovered from his fear than another sound was heard, as of one coming through the wood in great haste. This noise so much affrighted Braggadocchio that he fell from his horse, and so crept into a bush to to hide. But Prompart stood in the way, being curious to see what might hap. Soon there came to sight a most beauteous dame, Belphoebe the Virgin Huntress.

So fair, and thousand thousand times more fair
  She seemed, when she presented was to sight;
And was yclad, for heat of scorching air,
  All in a silken camus lily white
  Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinkled was throughout
  With golden aygulets, that glistred bright
Like twinkly stars; and all the skirt about
Was hemmed with golden fringe.

She carried a spear in one hand and across her shoulders were slung a bow and quiver full of arrows. Trompart, astonished at her beauty and at her golden weapons deemed that she must be a goddess, and would fain have worshipped her. And she was about to answer his adoring words:—

but ere her words ensued,
Into the bush her eye did sudden glance,
In which vain Braggadocchio was mewed,
And saw it stir. She left her piercing lance
And towards gan a deadly shaft advance,
In mind to mark the beast. At which sad stowre
Prompart forth stepped to stay the mortal chance.
Outcrying; O! whatever heavenly power,
Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly
houre.

Belphoebe then called to Braggadocchio to come forth, which he did, crawling on his hands and knees. At first he was amazed at her beauty, and then, pleased with her fair words; but, by his own behaviour causing her anger he was at the last, sore affrighted and rode away with Sir Guyon's horse. And Sir Guyon saw his horse no more until after many adventures of which I shall now tell.

II

THE IDLE LAKE

Sir Guyon with his guide the Palmer travelled forward and on his way met many adventures. Among them was the adventure in which it was

his lot to defeat Pyrochles, a wicked and violent man, whose servant Atin sought out Cymochles his brother and stirred him up against Sir Guyon that Pyrochles' shame might be avenged. But before Cymochles could find Sir Guyon to slay him, befell into the power of Phaedria. And who she was and what her works were you shall now hear. For Sir Guyon on his journey came to the banks of the Idle Lake, and as he stood there with the Palmer, seeking for means to cross the water he saw

> A little Gondelay, bedecked trim
> With boughs and arbours woven cunningly,
> That like a little forest seemed outwardly.

> And therein sat a Lady fresh and fair,
> Making sweet solace to herself alone:
> Sometimes she sang as loud as lark in air,
> Sometimes she laughed as merry as Pope Joan;
> Yet was there not with her else anyone,
> That to her might more cause of merriment:
> Matter of mirth enough though there were none
> She could devise; and thousand ways invent
> To feed her foolish humour and vain jolliment.

And as she sat in her boat and laughed, the lady decked her hair with flowers as she sang.

In this wide Inland Sea that hight by name
The Idle Lake, my wandring ship I row,
That knows her port and thither sails by aim,
Nor care nor fear I how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend or whether slow:
Both slow and swift alike do serve my turn;
Nor swelling Neptune, nor loud thundring Jove
Can change my cheer or make me ever mourn:
My little boat can safely pass this perilous bourne.

Then seeing Guyon, she offered him passage in her boat across the water. But when Guyon had stepped in she refused to take the Palmer either for price or for prayers, and launching forth quickly gave the knight no time to take his leave of his aged guide. Soon they came to an island.

It was a chosen plot of fertile land,
Amongst wide waves set like a little nest,
As if it had by Nature's cunning hand
Been choicly picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best:
No dainty flower or herb that grows on ground,
No arberet with painted blossoms drest
And smelling sweet but there it might be found
To bud out fair, and throw her sweet smells all around.

No tree whose branches did not bravely spring;
No branch whereon a fine bird did not sit;
No bird but did her shrill notes sweetly sing,
No song but did contain a lovely ditt.
Trees, branches, birds and songs were framed fit
For to allure frail mind to careless ease.

When Guyon saw that she would land on the Island he was angry and reproached her that she had deceived him and led him astray, but she, laughing said that the wind was uneasy and the water threatening and they must needs rest there awhile, for

Who fares on sea may not command his way.

So Guyon remained with her a season, walking in the island and holding converse with her, and as they walked they were met in the way by Cymochles. And Cymochles was doubly enraged for the lady was Phaedria who had taken him to her island before she found Guyon and had entertained him with mirth and much kindness, so that, when he beheld her in merry converse with his enemy he was enraged beyond measure. Then he assailed Sir Guyon and Sir Guyon's anger was equal to the rage of Cymochles so that their battle waxed exceeding furious. And Phaedria was sore afraid and sought to stay them, fearing lest they

should both be slain. In the end she prevailed, and, seeing that Sir Guyon was in no wise minded to be moved by her arts to remain with her in her Isle of Idleness, she rowed him to the further shore and left him there.

III

THE CAVE OF MAMMON

Now Guyon had lost his trusty guide the Palmer who was left behind on the shore of the Idle Lake when Phaedria took the knight in her boat, so needs must he fare forth alone. And he travelled long without finding any deed worthy of his sword.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade
Covered with boughs and shrubs from heaven's light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, savage and uncivil wight,
Of grisly hue, and foul, ill-favoured sight;
His face with smoke was tanned, and eyes were bleared
His head and beard with soot were ill bedight,
His coal-black hands did seem to have been seared
In smith's fire-spitting forge, and nails like claws appeared.

This man was dressed in a coat of rusty iron lined with gold that glittered still albeit it was covered

with dust, and this coat was richly wrought with strange devices.

And round about him lay on every side
Great heaps of gold that never could be spent;
Of which some were rude ore not purified
Of Mulcibee's devoury element;

Some others were new driven and distent
Into great Ingots and to wedges square;
Some in round plates without a monument;
But most were stamped and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of kings and Kesars strange and rare.

When this grim man saw Guyon he would fain have fled with his treasures which he strove to pour through a hole in the earth that they might be hidden from the envy of the stranger. But Guyon leapt lightly to his side, and restrained him perforce, questioning him of his name and nature.

"I am Mammon, God of the worldlings," replied he, "and if thou wilt serve me all these riches which lie here before you, and ten times more shall be yours.

"Nay," said Sir Guyon, "these things tempt me not
Fair shields, gay steeds, bright arms be my delight
Those be the riches fit for an adventurous knight."

Then they spoke together for a while and Mammon told of the riches of his kingdom and

recounted the history of his power over mankind, after which he bade Sir Guyon follow him if he would see the house of Richesse.

So Mammon led the way and Sir Guyon followed after, and they went through a thicket until they came upon a little hidden path that led downward into the ground. And as they followed it the path waxed darksome and dreadful, compassed round with horror.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht itselfe into an ample plain;
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That straight did lead to Pluto's grisly reign.
By that way's side there sat internal Paine,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife:
The one in hand an iron whip did straine,
The other brandishèd a bloody knife;
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

On the other side in one consort there sate
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despite,
Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight

Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite;
And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,
And found no place where safe he shroud him might:
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie,
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

And over them sad horror with grim hue
Did always soar, beating his iron wings;
And after him Owls and Night-ravens flew,
The hateful messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings;
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clift,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint asunder could have rift;
Which having ended after him she flieth swifte.

And passing by these and other fearful sights they came to Hell Gate, a wide and gaping way. Close beside it was a little door, and this door was guarded day and night by Care the watchman, who keeps sleep away.

So soon as Mammon there arriv'd, the door
To him did open and afforded way:
Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
Ne darknesse him, ne danger might dismay.

Soon as he entred was, the door straight way
Did shut, and from behind it forth there leapt
An ugly fiend, more fowl then dismal day,
The which with monstrous stalk behind him stept,
And ever as he went due watch upon him kept.

Well hoped he, ere long that hardy guest,
If ever covetous hand, or lustful eye,
Or lips he layd on thing that likt him best,
Or ever sleepe his eye-strings did untie,
Should be his prey. And therefore still on high
He over him did hold his cruel claws,
Threatening with greedy gripe to do him die,
And rend in pieces with his ravenous pawes,
If ever he transgressd the fatal Stygian laws.

The inside of the House of Richesse was like unto a huge and rocky cave on whose rough sides hung gold and silver, so heavy that they seemed every moment about to fall in ruin, and over them all busy spiders had spun their webs, and dust and smoke together made clouds as black as night, so that no light came there, save a feeble and uncertain shadow as from a dying flame.

The first room to which they came was full of iron chests and strong coffers, and the ground was covered with skulls and dead men's bones.

The second room was full of great stores of riches, in the third room an hundred furnaces were burning, tended by many fiends who were all busied about the melting of gold.

One with great bellows gathered filling air,
And with forced wind the fuel did inflame;
Another did the dying brands repair
With iron tongs, and sprinkled oft the same
With liquid waves, fierce Vulcan's rage to tame,
Who, mastring them, renewd his former heat:
Some scummed the drosse that from the metal came;
Some stir'd the molten ore with ladles great;
And every one did swincke, and every one did sweat.

But though Mammon offered all these treasures to Sir Guyon he would have none of them, and so at last they came to a great hall, its roof upheld by golden pillars decked with crowns and diamonds. Here was a great press of men and women who sought the favour of Philotima, Mammon's daughter, a lady of seeming beauty who sat in the midst of the hall and held a great gold chain

Whose upper end to highest Heaven was knit
And lower part did reach to lowest Hell.

She had great power to advance those who sought her favour, and Mammon offered her as a bride to Guyon, but Guyon would have none of her.

At last they passed from the House of Richesse and came to the Garden of Proserpina. This garden was full of trees and bushes, not sweet and well savoured like the kindly plants of earth, but black and deadly and harmful, such as Cypress and Gall and Hellebore, with many great poppies the flowers of sleep. And in the midst of the garden grew that great and famous tree which some say was first planted in the islands of the West. This tree bore golden apples whose power was such that all mortals seeing them straightway desired them above any other thing; but to tell the half of the tales that are told of these same apples would fill a book and more. Under the spreading branches of this tree flowed a black and cruel river in whose waters lived many souls in torment. So great was his pity for their wretched state that Sir Guyon forgot the golden apples, nor would he be persuaded by Mammon to rest on a silver stool in the shadow of the great tree. Thus for three days he remained in that place and heard the piteous tales of those suffering souls who stood

in the river for their sins. And when those three days were at an end Sir Guyon besought Mammon that he would take him back to the world again. Then Mammon was loth to let Guyon return to the upper air, yet seeing that he was not to be tempted by gold, he was forced to let him go. So Guyon mounted the returning path, but when his eyes saw the sunshine and his senses felt the air once more, so great was his weariness and the sorrow he suffered because of the House of Richesse and the Garden of Proserpina, that he fell senseless to the ground.

And there came an angel and watched over him

until such time as the Palmer had accomplished his journey across the Idle Lake, and returned to be his guide.

IV

THE HOUSE OF TEMPERANCE

Guyon, still in his swoon was beset by his old enemies the brethren Pyrochles and Cymochles to whom Archimago had given Morddure the magic sword of Prince Arthur which he had stolen by means of his enchantments. But Prince Arthur himself came to his aid, and delivered Guyon, and regained his own sword. After these things the three, to wit the Prince, the Palmer and Sir Guyon beguiled the way with converse. They spoke of Queen Gloriana, the beloved of the Prince and likewise Guyon's liege lady whom he had vowed to serve, and so the day wore on to evening. Close upon nightfall they came to a castle standing by the side of a river in a pleasant dale, and, seeing it, they thought to abide there for the night. But when they reached the gate, lo! it was locked and barred and they might not enter, which at first they deemed a foul reproach. But when Prince Arthur's squire blew his horn,

there came a watchman, peeping from the highest tower and asking what they sought. They answering that they desired entrance and entertainments he replied.

" Fly fly, good knights," (said he) " fly fast away,
If that your lives ye love, as meet ye should;
Fly fast, and save your selvs from near decay;
Here may ye not have entrance, though we would:
We would, and would again, if that we could;
But thousand enemies about us rave,
And with long siege us in the castle hold.
Seven years this wise they us besieged have,
And many good knights slain that have us sought to save."

Thus as he spoke, lo! with outragous cry
A thousand villains rownd about them swarm'd
Out of the rocks and caves adjoining nigh;
Vile caitiff wretches, ragged, rude, deform'd,
All threatening death, all in strange manner arm'd;
Some with unwieldy clubs, some with long spears,
Some rusty knives, some staves in fire warm'd:
Stern was their look; like wild amazed steers,
Staring with hollow eyes, and stiff upstanding hairs.

This swarm of foes assailed the little company who fought fiercely and beat them back and so gained entrance to the castle where they were made welcome by its lady the fair and virtuous Alma.

In robe of lily white she was arrayed,
That from her shoulder to her heel down raught;
The train whereof loose far behind her stray'd,
Branchèd with gold and pearl most richly wrought,
And borne of two fair Damsels which were taught
That service well. Her yellow golden hair
Was trimly woven and in tresses wrought,
Ne other tire she on her head did wear,
But crownèd with a garland of sweet Rosiere.

After due entertainment she led her guests to the castle wall and showed them her domain, and then they followed her to the rooms of her three counsellors. There Sir Guyon abode many hours reading in ancient books the Chronicles of Faery Land until Alma bade him prepare himself for supper. And there was a good company assembled in the hall and they made merry together until it was time for rest. In the morning

Sir Guyon and the Palmer took their leave; but Prince Arthur remained behind and did battle for Alma against her foes. And of the twelve companies which besieged the castle here is no place to tell but it is set forth in the old book.

VI

ACRASIA

Then the knight and his aged guide went down to the river that flowed by Alma's castle and they found there a Ferryman who taking them in his boat set out for the Island of Acrasia.

For two days Sir Guyon remained in the boat the Palmer steering, and on the third morning they heard a great sound of waters and beheld waves that rose up to the sky, and they were filled with fear lest they should be drowned. Then the boatman bade the Palmer steer an even course, for they were come to the Gulf of Greediness on one side of which was placed an hideous rock of mighty magnet stone which drew all boats that came near, so that no one could escape.

Forward they pass, and strongly he them rows,
Until they nigh unto that Gulf arrive,

Where stream more violent and greedy grows:
Then he with all his puissaunce doth strive
To strike his oars and mightily doth drive
The hollow vessel through the threatful wave;
Which, gaping wide to swallow them alive
In th' huge abyss of his engulfing grave,
Doth roar at them in vain, and with great terror rave.

At last with much effort they passed the mouth of the Greedy Gulf and saw the great Rock on which sat yelling seamews and hungry cormorants, waiting for prey. Then they rowed on and came to the floating Islands where Guyon was fain to land until the Boatman told him that they were not firm land at all but straggly plots of ground which roamed to and fro in the waters. And lo! on the shores of one of the fairest of the Floating Islands, stood Phaedria the damsel of the Idle Lake, who called to him again but he heeded her not.

And ever as they rowed onwards they saw fresh wonders.

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature self might fear to see,
Or shame that ever should so fowl defects
From her most cunning hand escaped be;

All dreadful portraits of deformity:
Spring-headed Hydras; and sea-shouldring Whales;
Great whirlpools which all fishes make to flee;
Bright Scolopendraes arm'd with silver scales;
Mighty Monoceroses with immeasured tails.

The dreadful Fish that hath deserv'd the name
Of Death, and like him looks in dreadful hue;
The grisly Wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftness to pursue:
The horrible Sea-satyr, that doth shew
His fearful face in time of greatest storm;
Huge Ziffius, whom Mariners eschew
No less then rocks, (as travellers inform)
And greedy Rosmarines with visages deform.

After the Monsters they came to the bay of Mermaids, sheltered under the shadow of an hill, where five sisters, with the heads and arms of maidens and the tails of fish, bathed continually and sang to wreck travellers on to the rocks by their sweet voices.

At the end of their voyage they came to the dwelling of Acrasia, and quitting the boat Sir Guyon, guided by the Palmer entered a wood full of ravening beasts whose hideous bellowing filled the air. But the Palmer lifted his staff and the beasts ceased their savage noise and did them no harm.

So they came at last to the Bower of Bliss, a place of all places, most beautiful, enclosed around by a fence in which was set a gate of precious ivory whereon was carven the story of Jason and Medea.

Much wonder'd Guyon at the fair aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffer'd no delight
To sink into his sense, nor mind affect,
But passèd forth, and lookt still forward right,
Bridling his will and mastering his might,
Till that he came unto another gate;
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With boughs and branches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping arms in wanton wreathings intricate:

So fashionèd a Porch with rare device.
Arched over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bunches hanging down seem'd to entice
All passers by to taste their luscious wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered;
Some deep empurpled as the Hyacine,
Some as the Ruby laughing sweetly red,
Some like fair Emeralds, not yet well ripened.

And under the Porch sat a comely dame clad in

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flowing garments and holding in her left hand a golden cup while with her right hand she pressed out the juice from the ripe fruit which grew around her. And she offered this juice to all strangers who passed that way. But when she would invite Sir Guyon to taste of her cup he snatched it from her hand and dashed it to the ground for well he knew that it was through tasting of that juice that Mordaunt had fallen into the power of Acrasia. So the Knight and the Palmer passed on and entered into the Bower of Bliss.

There the most dainty Paradise on ground
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does others happiness envy;
The painted flowers, the trees upshooting high,
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the crystal running by,
And, that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought appeared in no place.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood

Through every channel running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious imagery
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boys,
Of which some seem'd with lively jollity
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
Whilst others did themselves embay in liquid joys.

Infinite streams continually did well
Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew into so great quantity,
That like a little lake it seem'd to be;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with Jaspar shining bright,
That seem'd the fountain in that sea did sail upright.

And the fountain stood in a grove of laurel where many lovely maidens desported themselves, and with laughter and beckonings invited Sir Guyon to share their merriment. And Guyon would fain have stayed awhile with them, but the grave Palmer, seeing him pause, bade him press forward.

For here the end of all our travel is:
Here wonnes Acrasia, whom we must surprise,
Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

They had not gone many steps before they heard the singing of birds and divers kinds of music which came from the centre of the Bower of Bliss. And entering there they found Acrasia herself. She lay upon a bed of Roses and was clad in a veil of woven silk and silver, finer than the web of the spider, and more glittering than dew.

Around her stood a choir of boys and maidens who sang soft and pleasing songs, yet not so loud as to break the slumbers of a young knight over whom Acrasia kept watch, for he was fallen a prey to her enchantments. He seemed a fair and goodly youth and it was pity to see him sleeping there while she wove evil spells about him. And already had she done him mischief, for his arms that hung idle upon a tree hard by were foully defaced, a sign that he had forgotten his warlike courage and honour, and like Mordaunt before him thought only of the soft and idle life in Acrasia's bower.

But the Palmer had prepared a net against this hour, and he and Guyon stole softly near, and rushing upon them caught both Acrasia and the sleeping knight in its toils.

Then all in vain they strove against their captors for the net was strong, and when they saw their

mistress taken all Acrasia's followers fled, nor stayed to help her. So Acrasia was made captive and bound in adamantine chains, but the young man Verdaunt was set free, and to him Guyon and the Palmer gave much sage counsel.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowful and sad.
The way they came, the same return'd they right,
Till they arrivèd where they lately had
Charm'd those wild-beasts that rag'd with fury mad;
Which, now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistress rescue whom they lad;
But them the Palmer soon did pacify.
Then Guyon askt, what meant those beasts which there did lie?

Then came they to the beasts who had once been men, but whom Acrasia by her wicked arts had transformed. And the Palmer struck them with his staff and as he touched each beast it was straightway turned again to the likeness of a man.

But Guyon, having fulfilled his vow, went on his way.

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